

A SHEAF OF POEMS

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BAYARD TAYLOR

&

LILIAN BAYARD TAYLOR KILIANI



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A SHEAF OF POEMS

Translations

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

AND

LILIAN BAYARD TAYLOR KILIANI



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
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FOREWORD

In this volume the various minor translations of Bayard Taylor have been collected for the first time. To them have been added a number of poems of different authors, translated by Bayard Taylor's daughter. As the latter has followed the precepts of her father in reproducing the poems in their original meters, it seems fitting to intersperse her translations with those of her father, so as to arrange them all as a whole. Those translations which are the product of Mrs. Kiliani are designated by her initials: L. B. T. K.

Some of the poems translated by Bayard Taylor have appeared in early editions of his Poems. A few have been published here and there during his life-time. Most of them, however, have been collected from his prose volumes, and principally from "Studies in German Literature," and "Critical Essays and Literary Notes," a volume issued after the author's death (1880), and now out of print.

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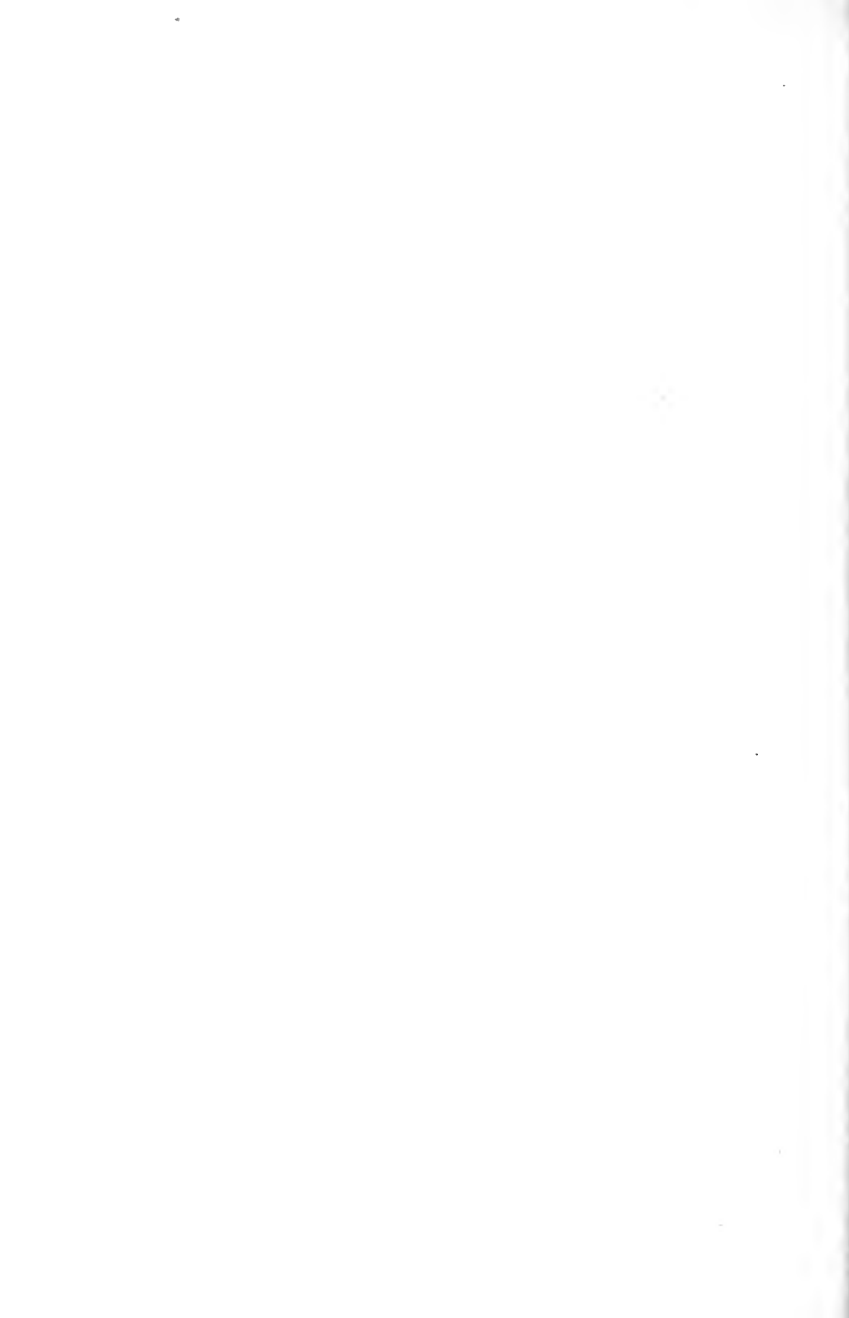
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POEMS BY
WOLFGANG VON GOETHE



THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT

Up yonder on the mountain
A thousand times I stand,
Leant on my crook, and gazing
Down on the valley-land.

I follow the flock to the pasture;
My little dog watches them still.
I have come below, but I know not
How I descended the hill.

The beautiful meadow is covered
With blossoms of every hue;
I pluck them, alas! without knowing
Whom I shall give them to.

I seek, in the rain and the tempest,
A refuge under the tree:
Yonder the doors are fastened,
And all is a dream to me.

Right over the roof of the dwelling
I see a rainbow stand;
But she has departed forever,
And gone far out in the land.

Far out in the land, and farther,—
Perhaps to an alien shore:
Go forward, ye sheep! go forward,—
The heart of the shepherd is sore.

THE SONG OF MIGNON

Know'st thou the land where citron-flowers unfold?
Through dusky foliage gleams the orange-gold;
Soft breezes float beneath the dark-blue sky;
The myrtle sleeps, the laurel shoots on high?

Thither—that land dost thou not know?
Would I with thee, O my Belovèd, go!

Know'st thou the house, its roof on pillars fair?
The long hall shines, the chambers glimmer there;
And marble statues stand and gaze on me:
Poor child, they say, what ill was done to thee?

Thither—that house dost thou not know?
Would I with thee, O my Protector, go!

Know'st thou the mountain? Through the cloud it
soars;

In rolling mist the mule his path explores;
The ancient dragons haunt its caverns deep,
And o'er the crashing rock the torrents leap?

Thither—the hills dost thou not know?
Our pathway leads: O Father, let us go!

HARTZ-JOURNEY IN WINTER

The vulture like—
Who, on heavy clouds of morning
With quiet pinion poising,
Keeps watch for prey—
Hover, my song!

For a God hath
Unto each his path
Fixed beforehand,
Which the fortunate
Tread till the happy
Goal is reached:
But he, the wretched,
Whose heart is pinched with pain,
He struggles vainly
Against the restrictions
Of Fate's thread of iron,
Which the shears still unwelcome
But once shall slit.

In dusk of thickets
Crowd the rough-coated deer,
And with the sparrows
Have the rich already
Buried themselves in muck and mire.

Easy the chariot to follow
Driven by Fortune's hand,
Easy as unto the troop
Following the Prince's entry
Is the convenient highway.
But, who fares on by-paths?

In the copse he loses his way,
After him rustle
The branches together,
The grass springs up again,
The wilderness hides him.

Ah, his pangs who shall solace—
His, whose balm becomes poison?
Who but hate of man
Drank from very abundance of love!
First despised, and now the despiser,
Thus in secret he
His own worth consumes
In unsatisfying self-love.

Is there in Thy psalter,
Father of Love, but a tone
Unto his ear accessible,
Then refresh Thou his heart,
To his clouded sight reveal
Where are the thousand fountains
Near to the thirty one
In the Desert.

Thou, the Creator of joys,
Giving the fullest cup to each,
Favor the sons of the chase,

Tracking signs of their game
With reckless ardor of youth,
Murderous, joyous,
Late avengers of losses,
Which the peasant so vainly
Fought for years with his bludgeon,

But the Solitary fold
In clouds that are golden!
Entwine with winter-green,
Till the rose again is in blossom,
The moistened tresses,
O Love, of thy Poet!

With thy glimmering flambeau
Lightest thou him
Through the waters by night,
Over fathomless courses
On desolate lowlands;
With the thousand hues of the morning
Mak'st thou his heart glad;
With the sting of the storm
Bear'st thou him high aloft:
Winter-torrents plunge from the granite,
In psalms he singeth,
An altar of gratitude sweet
Is for him the perilous summit's
Snow-enshrouded forehead,
Which with circling phantoms
Crowned the faith of the races.

Thou with inscrutable bosom standest
Mysterious in revelation
Above the astonished world,
From clouds down-looking
On all its kingdoms and splendid shows
Which thou from the veins dost water
Of brothers beside thee.

GOETHE'S EPILOGUE

To Schiller's Song of the Bell, when it was presented in 1815.

For he was ours! Be this proud consciousness
A spell that shall subdue our lamentation!
He sought with us a harbor from the stress
Of storms, a more enduring inspiration.
While with strong step his mind did forward press
To Good, Truth, Beauty, in its pure creation,
And far behind him lay, a formless vision,
The vulgar power that fetters our ambition.

And thus his cheek grew red, and redder ever,
From that fair youth whose wings are never
furl'd,
That courage, crowned at last, whose proud endeavor,
Tames the resistance of the stubborn world,—
That faith, that onward, upward, mounts forever,
Now patient waiting, now in conflict hurled,
That so the Good shall work, increase and sway,
And for the noble man shall dawn a nobler day!

LIMITS OF HUMANITY

When the most ancient
Holiest Father
With dispassionate hand
From fast-rolling cloud-banks
Lightnings in blessing
Scatters upon the earth,
I kiss the farthest
Hem of His garment,
Tremors of childhood
Filling my breast.

No man liveth
Who with the Godhead

May mete himself:
If he reach upward
Till he touch
With his forehead the stars,
Nowhere he findeth
For his soles a foot-hold,
And round him play the
Clouds and the breezes.

But when he stands with
Brawniest muscles
On the broad foundations of
Earth everlasting,
He does not dare
E'en with the oak-tree,
Or with the grape-vine
Contrast to challenge.

How do we differ—
Gods and we mortals?
That many billows
Before them wander,
A stream without end:
The billow lifts us,
The billow whelms us,
And we are sunken.

A little ring
This life of ours circleth,
And long generations'
Endless progression
Lengthens forever
The chain of their being.

L. B. T. K.

PROMETHEUS

Now cover thou thy heaven, Zeus,
With misty clouds,
And practise, like a boy

Who thistles crops,
Thy skill on oaks and mountain-peaks;
Even thou must suffer
My earth to stand,
My cabin also, that thou didst not build,
And eke my hearth,
Whose cheerful glow
Excites thy envy.

I wot naught more pitiful
Under the sun, gods, than you are!
Ye nourish scantily
With sacrifices
And whiffs of prayer
Your majesty,
And would be starvelings,
If children and beggars
Were not sanguine dunces.

Once in my childhood
When sorely bewildered and lost,
I cast up despairing glances
To yonder sun, as if aloft
An ear there were, to hear my plaining,
A heart, like mine,
To take compassion on my trouble.

Who helped me
'Gainst the 'Titans' overwhelming might?
Who did deliver me from death,
From servitude?
Did'st not accomplish all unaided,
Purely glowing heart?
And full of youth and faith,
Tho' cheated, gavest thanks
To him who sleeps up yonder.

Honor thee? And wherefor?
When hast thou lightened the travail
Ever of burdened ones?

When didst thou comfort the sorrows
Ever of anguished ones?
Was not I forged into manhood,
Moulded by Time, the almighty,
And by Fate, the eternal,
Masters of me and of thee?

Did'st thou imagine
That I would call life hateful,
Would flee into deserts,
Because not all my
Blossom-dreams have ripened?

Here sit I, moulding mortals
After mine own image,
Men, that me shall resemble,
To suffer, to sorrow,
To enjoy and happiness feel,
And of thee to be scornful,
As I!

L. B. T. K.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Cowardly faltering,
Hesitant paltering,
Womanish quailing,
Terrified wailing
Turns not misfortune,
Nor gives you the odds.

Proving the master
In spite of disaster,
Yielding him never,
Combating ever,—
Thus man invoketh
The arms of the gods.

L. B. T. K.

NEARNESS OF THE BELOVED

I think of thee when bright the sunbeams shimmer
 Where ocean flows;
I think of thee when pale the moonlight glimmer
 In fountains shows.

I see but thee when on the distant highway
 The dust is blown;
In darksome night, when trembles in a by-way
 The wanderer lone.

I hear but thee when yon with muffled beating
 The waves dash high
Oft in the silent grove I send thee greeting,
 When none is nigh!

I am with thee, e'en if afar thou'rt pining,—
 Yet thou art near!
The sun has set, and now the stars are shining,
 Would thou wert here!

L. B. T. K.

MUSAGETES

Oft in deepest nights of winter
To the Muses I addressed me:
"Now the sky is wrapped in darkness
And the day is long in coming,
Do ye at the proper moment
Bring the lamp's refreshing glimmer,
That instead of Dawn and Phoebus
It my patient labor quicken!"
But they left me to my slumbers,
Lanquid, dull and unrefreshing,
And on all these wasted mornings
Followed days of vain endeavor.

Then, when Spring had come to gladden,
To the nightingales I turned me:
"Darling nightingales, I pray you,
Warble early at my window,
Wake me from the heavy slumber,
Which the mind of youth doth fetter!"
But the little amorous songsters
All night warbled at my window
Their entrancing melodies,—
Kept enthralled my soul with rapture,
Filled my palpitating bosom
With a vague, unwonted yearning,
And thus passed the night in longing,
And Aurora found me sleeping,
Phoebus' self could hardly wake me!

Now at length has come the summer;
At the first bright gleam of morning
Comes the fly, industrious, early,
Rouses me from pleasant slumbers,—
Comes again without compassion
Though, but half-awake, I often
Brush it off with hands impatient,—
Calls its saucy, shameless sisters,
Worries me till from my eyelids
Gracious Sleep is forced to flee.
From my couch I leap, and quickly
Seek my well-beloved Muses,
Find them in the grove of beeches
With their welcome ever ready.
Thus is due unto those tiny
Insects many a morning precious.
May ye be, oh flies tormenting,
By the poet highly lauded,
Ye, in truth, are Musagetes!

L. B. T. K.

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE

A Legend of India

He of all the Gods the greatest,
Mahadeva, came once more
Down to earth the sixth and latest
Time, to study human lore.
And he deigns to dwell here truly,
Bears the ills that mortals ken,
For to mete out judgment duly
He must be a man with men.
And when as a wand'rer the town he knows wholly,
Has spied on the great ones, watched over the
lowly,
And evening is falling, he fares forth again.

As he goes without the city,
Where the houses first begin,
He beholds a sight to pity,—
Painted, fair, a child of sin.
Greet thee, maiden!—Welcome here, sir!
Wait, and I'll be with you straight.
What art thou?—A Bayadere, sir!
And this house of Love the gate.—
At once she begins, with a clashing of cymbal,
And swaying, and winding a circle so nimble,
And bending, she offers her nosegay, elate.

Toward the threshold him persuading,
Eagerly she leads him in;
Gentle stranger, all-pervading
Light shall instant glow within!
If you're weary, let me tend you,
Bathe your waysore, aching feet.
All you wish I will extend you,
Frolic, joy, or rest so sweet.
She bustles about, his feigned sorrows beguiling;

The god is rejoiced, and watches her smiling,
A heart that is kindly, though sinful, to greet.

And he slavish tasks imposes—
She is cheerful evermore;
And as nature discloses
What was artifice before.
Thus the flower's debt fulfilling,
Soon the fruitage ripe we find;
Where obedience is willing,
Soon with love 'twill be combined.
Sharper and sharper to prove her he chooses;
Knowing the highest and deepest, he uses
Ecstasy, horror, and anguish of mind.

'Neath his kiss her cheeks are redding,
And she feels of love the pain;
And her first tears she is shedding,
Stealing down her cheeks like rain.
At his feet she sinketh meekly,
Not for gain or passion sues,
And her pliant body weakly
Every office doth refuse.
And so o'er the couch where repose these fond lovers,
The Spirit of Darkness benignantly covers
A curtain of magical texture diffuse.

Late she sleeps, 'mid fond caresses,
Rises early from her bed,
Sees her lover, whom she presses
To her heart, is cold and dead.
Crying, she doth close embrace him,
Can not life in him inspire;—
And the funeral bearers place him
Soon within the pit of fire.
The chanting of songs by the Brahmins she heareth,
And raving, a path through the people she cleareth.
"Who art thou? what seekest thou here at the pyre?"

By his bier she falleth, shrieking,
That the air with sound is split.
'Tis my husband I am seeking,
And I seek him in the pit!
Shall his limbs to dust be turning,
Like a god's so young and fair?
Mine he was! though lovers' yearning
But a single night we share.
The Brahmins are chanting; the aged we carry,
Though slowly they wither, and long may they tarry,
We carry the youthful, before they're aware!

Hear the counsel we are giving:
Husband he was not to thee.
Thou as Bayadere wert living,
Thus of duty thou wert free!
Shadows follow bodies only
To the realm of death and night;
Wives may follow husbands only—
'Tis their duty and their right.
Then blow we the trumpet, our dirges upraising,
We mourn for the dead, and his virtues are praising:
Oh, take him in flames to elysian delight!

Thus the chorus, void of feeling,
But her anguish deepeneth.
She with outstretched arms appealing,
Springs into the fiery death.
But the God, in youth resplendent,
High above the flames doth rise,
And his love, in bliss transcendant,
In his arms enfolded lies.
The godhead is pleased by sinners repenting;
Immortals to save the lost children consenting,
In fiery arms waft them up to the skies.

L. B. T. K.

THE APPRENTICE AT MAGIC

Now my master, the magician,
Left me here without forbiddin',
And his spirits my volition
Shall obey, and do my biddin'!
Words and incantation
I remember well,
And in emulation
I can work the spell.

Foot it! foot it!
Ample measure;
For my pleasure
Water's gushin';
Fill the bath wherein you put it
With a copious current rushin'!

Now come forth, old broom so dusty!
See, these rags I hang about you,
Long you've been our servant trusty,
You'll obey, I never doubt you!
On two legs I set you,
With a head atop;
Hurry now and get you
Buckets,—do not stop!

Foot it! foot it!
Ample measure;
For my pleasure
Water's gushin';
Fill the bath wherein you put it
With a copious current rushin'!

Look! he's runnin' down so swiftly
In a twinklin' to the river,
Speedier than lightnin', deftly,
Back he comes with fleet endeavor.

Now the basin's brimfull,
He has filled it twice;
Every vessel's rimfull,
Brimmin' in a trice!

Stay now! stay now!
You're efficient,
Win sufficient
Approbation!
Woe is me! he won't obey me!
I've forgot the exhortation!

Oh, the word that turns him swiftly
Back to what he was aforetime.
See, he runs and carries deftly;
Would you were a broom one more time!
Floods of water gushin'
Still he brings apace,
Hundred rivers rushin'
Flowin' through the place.

Now, or never,
Time to nab him;
I will grab him!
He is spiteful!
Oh, I fear him more than ever!
See his face, so scowling, frightful!

Oh, you imp of Hell's creation!
Will you drown us with your pourin'?
Everywhere this inundation
Covers inches deep the floorin'!
You old broom of curst guile,
Listen to my will!
Stick, that you were erstwhile,
Will you now stand still?

So you would not
When I told you!
Well, I'll hold you,
And I'll hit you!

Since you are of wood, what
Odds I do not split you?

Look! another load he's luggin'!
Now, how should I best attack him?
Wait, you imp, just watch me sluggin'!
With this hatchet I will whack him.
See, I struck him squarely,
He is split in twain!
I have served him fairly,
And I breathe again!

Lord, preserve me!
Here's a couple
Of these supple
Servants flightly,
Who arise and rush to serve me!
Help me now, ye powers almighty!

And they're runnin'! · Water's pourin',—
They with one another vyin'—
Streams are floodin' stairs and floorin'!
Oh, my master, hear me cryin'!
Here my master's comin'!
Sir, my need is great;
These, whom I did summon,
Will not dissipate!

“To your corner,
Broom-stick! broom-stick!
Be a broom quick!
I forbid you
That ye e'er as spirits born are,
Till I as your master bid you!”

L. B. T. K.

ELF-KING

Who rideth abroad in the night so wild?
It is the father with his child:
He holds the boy in his sheltering arm,
He folds him close, and he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face in such fear?"
"Oh, father, look! the elf-king is near,
Dost see his crown and his train so bright?"
"My son, 'tis mist that shineth white."

"My darling child, come, go with me,
Where lovely toys are waiting for thee!
Bright flowers grow on the river's brim;
My mother has golden dresses so trim."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear?
Elf-king is whispering his wiles at my ear!"
"Be quiet, now, be quiet, my child!"
"Tis rustling of leaves in the wind so wild!"

"Wilt come with me, thou beautiful boy?
My daughters shall tend and serve thee with joy;
My daughters their nightly revels will keep,
And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"My father, my father, dost see over there
The elf-king's daughters with shimmering hair?"
"My son, my son, I see it quite plain:
The old grey willows we're passing again!"

"I adore thee, my beauty! thou canst not refuse!
But if thou resistest, then force I will use!"
"My father, my father, he seizes my arm!
The elf-king has done me grievous harm!"

The father galloped, his heart beat wild,
He held in his arms the quivering child,
At length reached his home in fear and dread:
And in his arms the child was dead.

L. B. T. K.

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD

The sexton looks down in the middle of the night
On the gravestones in rows all reposing,
The moon makes everything clear and bright,
The churchyard in day light lies dozing,
When a grave it opens, another one then,
And forth they come trooping, the women and men,
In snowy and long-trailing garments.

They hurry, and soon in a circle, behold!
Their feet they are lifting, and prancing,
So young and so poor, and so rich and so old,—
The trains they hinder in dancing.
And as modesty here they've long outgrown,
They shake themselves, and quickly are strown
The garments all over the graveyard.

Now thigh-bones are lifted, and gestures queer
Abundantly show their pleasure,
And a clippering, clapping you sometimes hear,
As the rattling bones sound the measure.
The sexton all this most ridiculous deems,
When something whispers, the Tempter, it seems,
"Go pick up one of their sheetings!"

'Tis done soon as thought, and quickly, in fear,
He hides behind sacred portals.
The moon yet shineth so bright and so clear
On the dance of these gruesome immortals.
But finally they can no longer abide,
And one and the other slinks sheeted aside,
And lo! it is ~~there~~ under the greensward.

But one goes tripping and stumbling about,
And taps at the vaults unrelenting,—
For some one has played it a trick, no doubt—
On the winds its garment scenting.
It rattles the door of the tower, in vain!
—The sexton's in luck—'tis blessed, like the fane,
And covered with wrought-iron crosses.

It must have the sheeting, or it's in a plight,
Nor has it much time to tarry,
The ornaments Gothic it seizes, the wight,
And climbs by the volutes. Marry,
'Tis up with the sexton, the poor sinful man!
It's hitching his way from span to span,
Like a hideous long-legged spider.

The sexton trembles, the sexton grows pale,
He'd give back the sheeting gladly;
For he feels—will he live to tell the tale?—
That the sheeting it's clutching madly!—
The moon is obscured by a cloudlet dun,
The clock booms forth a thunderous "One",—
And the skeleton breaks on the pavement.
L. B. T. K.



POEMS BY
FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER



Two Early Lyrics

A GROUP IN TARTARUS

Hark! as noises of the hoarse, aroused sea,
As through hollow-throated rocks a streamlet's
moan,
Sounds below there, wearily and endlessly,
A torture-burdened groan!

Faces wearing
Pain alone, in wild despairing,
Curse through jaws that open wide;
And with haggard eyes forever
Gaze upon the bridge of Hell's Black river,
Weeping, gaze upon its sullen tide.

Ask each other, then, in fearful whispers,
If not soon the end shall be?
The End?—the scythe of Time is broken;
Over them revolves Eternity!

ELYSIUM

Gone is the wail and the torture!
Elysium's banquets of rapture
Chase every shadow of woe!
Elysium's seeing.
Endless the bliss, and endless the being,
As musical brooks through the meadows that flow!

May is eternal,
Over the vernal
Landscapes of youth;

The hours bring golden dreams in their races,
The soul is expanded through infinite spaces,
The veil is torn from the visage of truth!

Here never a morrow
The heart's full rapture can blight;
Even a name is wanting to Sorrow
And Pain is only a gentler delight.

Here, stretching his weary limbs, prone on the
meadows,
Resteth the pilgrim in whispering shadows,
Casteth forever his burden aside,—
Here the reaper droppeth his sickle,
Lulled by the harpings that faintly trickle,
Dreameth of harvests fair and wide.

He whose banner waved in storm-winds thundrous,
He whose ears were filled with riot murderous,
Mountains trembled 'neath his foot-steps' thunder-might,—
Sleeps here softly where the brooklet babbles,
That like silver glistens o'er the pebbles,
Hears no more the tumult of the fight.

Wedded lovers' faith is here rewarded,
They embrace on velvet meadows swarded,
By the zephyr's balm caressed;
Love here finds its best fruition,
Safe from Death's grim inhibition,
Marriage feasts have endless zest.*

*The first half of "Elysium" was translated by Bayard Taylor, the second half by his daughter, L. B. T. Kiliani.

THE FIRST SCENE OF WILHELM TELL

Drama in Five Acts

FISHER-BOY

Inviting the bather, the bright lake is leaping;
The fisher-boy lies on its margin a-sleeping;
Then hears he a music
Like flutes in its tone
Like voices of angels
In Eden alone.

And as he awakens, enraptured and blest,
The waters are whirling around his breast;
And a voice from the waters
Says: "Mine thou must be!
I wait for the sleeper,
I lure him to me!"

HERDSMAN

Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye sunniest pastures,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is gone.
We go from the hills, we come ere long
When the cuckoo calls, and the sound of song;
When the earth with blossoms again is gay,
When the fountains gush in the lovely May.
Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye sunniest pastures,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is gone.

ALPINE HUNTER

The avalanche thunders, the bridges are frail,
The hunter is fearless, though dizzy the trail;
He strides in his daring

O'er deserts of snow,
Where Spring never blooms
And grass never grows,
And the mists like an ocean beneath him are tost,
Till the cities of men to his vision are lost.
Through the rifts of the cloud-land
The far world gleams,
And the green fields under
The Alpine streams.

THE COUNT OF HABSBURG

At Aix in imperial splendor dight,
In the ancient hall of the Nation,
Sat Rudolph the King in his sacred might,
At the feast of his coronation.
The dishes were borne by the Count of the Rhine,
The Bohemian poured out the sparkling wine,
And all the Electors, the Seven,
As the starry host to the sun in thrall,
Were busily serving the Ruler of all,
Fulfilling their duties given.

The balconies held a joyous crowd
Of folk in holiday faring,
Who voiced their joy in plaudits loud,
That mixed with the trumpets' blaring.
For ended at last are the direful crimes
Of the rulerless, the terrible times,
And justice once more prevaieth.
No longer blindly ruleth the spear,
And the weak and the peaceful no longer fear,
When the might of the great ones assaileth.

And the Emperor, raising his beaker of gold,
Outspake, and smiled debonnairly,
"The splendor of banquet and feast, behold!
Our heart it pleaseth rarely!
We lack but the minstrel, who bringeth delight,

Who with music sweet our breast doth excite,
And with precepts exalted in measure.
Such was our wont since the days of our youth,
And the Emperor will not relinquish, forsooth!
What as Knight he practiced with pleasure."

And, lo! the circle of nobles and peers,
It opened, the minstrel showing,—
His locks were silvered o'er with years,
His robe was long and flowing.
"Sweet melody doth from my harp-strings proceed:
The minstrel singeth the lover's meed,
The best and the highest voicing;
What the spirit craves, what the heart doth require;
And prithee, what is the Emperor's desire,
On his greatest day, rejoicing?"

"I may not command the minstrel to sing,"
The monarch smiling sayeth,
"He stands in the thrall of a mightier King,
The behest of the hour obeyeth.
For as in the heavens the hurricane blows,
And none may guess whence it comes and grows;
As the spring from caverns hidden,—
So pours from the soul of the minstrel his song,
And the passions the breast has harbored long
Awake to life unbidden."

The minstrel touches his harp apace,
The resonant chords far carry:
"Forth rode a noble knight to the chase,
The fugitive chamois to harry.
His squire came after with hunting gear;
And when his horse had borne him near
To a meadow, softly ringing
Afar he heard a tinkling bell,
And a priest with his acolyte saw full well,
The host to a sick man bringing.

The Count right humbly bent his knee,
Head bared in veneration,
As a Christian worshipped reverently
What gives the world salvation.
But a brooklet brawling athwart the mead,
By the freshet swelled, its banks did exceed,
The steps of the wayfarers staying;
The priest set down the sacrament soon
And began from his feet to strip the shoon,
To wade through the brook essaying.

"What do ye?" thus the Count began
And looked at him inquiring;
"I am going, Sir, to a dying man
The blessed unction desiring.
And now that I've come to the narrow foot-way,
The turbulent freshet hath torn it away,
In the swirl of its eddies rushing.
And so, that the soul of the sick I may shrive,
With naked feet I must contrive
To wade through the rivulet gushing."

But the Count sets him up on his knightly steed,
And gives the reins to him willing,
That he solace the dying man with speed,
His holy office fulfilling.
Himself then the nag of his squire bestrides
And forth to his hunting blithely he rides.
The other his journey speedeth;
And the following morn with grateful mien,
He appears on foot at the Count's demesne,
And humbly the stallion leadeth.

"Now God forbid," spake out the Count,
"That for any deer to be harried
I ever again this steed should remount,
Which the Host of the Lord hath carried!
And if thou'lt not keep him for use of thy own,
Then let him be vowed to God's service alone,
For a gift he was freely given

To Him from whom in fee I hold
My life and breath and honor and gold,
My soul and my hope of Heaven!"

"Now may our God, the almighty Lord,
Who hears the prayers of the weakest,
To thee such honor yet afford,
As thou to serve Him seekest.
A mighty Count thou art, and kent
As Switzerland's knightly ornament."
Inspired thus he presages:
"Six daughters beautiful are thine,
Six crowns they bring to thy princely line,
And flourish they house through the ages!"

And the Emperor sat with bended brow,
In the fields of his memory gleaning,
As he marked the minstrel closely now,
The words of the song took meaning;
The face of the priest at last he knew,
And the quick tears springing he hid from view,
His purple mantle raising.
And all on the Emperor fixed their eyes,
And in him the Count did recognize,
The ways of Providence praising.

L. B. T. K.

THE DIVER

"Now who is among ye, or knight or squire,
Dares plunge into yonder abyss?
A goblet of gold in its eddies dire
I fling, and lo! 'tis engulfed ere this!
And if any man here bring back the bauble,
He e'en may keep it, a fee for his trouble!"

Thus speaketh the king, and casts from the verge
Of the crag, that sheer and steep,
O'erhangs the ocean's limitless surge,

A goblet into Charybdis deep.
"Again I ask, who has courage ready,
To dive in the maelstrom's whirling eddy?"

And the ring of knights and squires so brave
In silence the challenge heed;
Gaze on the tumult of wind and wave,
And none for the goblet will venture the deed.
And again the king for the third time speaketh:
"Is there none who bravely his fortune seeketh?"

But they all are silent round about:
And a stripling, gentle and bold,
From the ranks of the timorous squires steps out,
Casts aside his belt and his mantle's fold,—
And the men and the ladies gaze astounded
At the young man's beauty of figure rounded.

And as he stands on the precipice,
And looks on the chasm beneath,
The waters return in the horrid abyss:
Charybdis howling commences to seethe,
And bursting her cavernous depths asunder,
She belches forth in a voice of thunder!

And it bubbles and hisses, it foams and it boils,
As when water commingles with fire,
To heaven it spurteth in steaming coils,
And flood upon flood it mounteth higher,
And forth it pours in endless commotion,—
An ocean that giveth birth to an ocean!

But the turmoil wild is stilled at last:
Through the white foam, black and fell,
A yawning gulf is opening fast,
And bottomless, as the road to Hell.
And he sees the surging billows leaping,
Their course down the furious vortex keeping.

Now quick, ere the roaring waters return,
A prayer unto God he breathes;
With a shuddering cry the beholders turn,—
He leaps, where the swirling eddy seethes!
The whirlpool rages, engulfs the swimmer,
The vortex closes, and hope grows dimmer!

And now are hushed the waters loud,
The depths are ringing his knell,
And a murmur runs through the awe-struck crowd:
"O youth undaunted, fare thee well!"
And hoarser and hollower howleth the surging
Of the maelstrom's rage, to its climax converging.

"And if you should cast your crown in the sea,
And say: who brings back the crown,
Himself shall wear it and king shall be,—
Not for such a prize would I venture down!
What horrors that howling abyss concealeth,
No happy mortal, living, revealeth!

"Full many a ship, sailing gallantly past,
Engulfed in this whirlpool we saw,
And shattered wreckage of keel and of mast
Was vomited forth from its ravenous maw!"
And louder and louder, as tempests roaring,
And nearer and nearer the waters are pouring.

And it bubbles and hisses, it foams and it boils,
As when water commingles with fire,
To the heavens it spurteth in steaming coils,
And flood upon flood it mounteth higher,
And bursting its cavernous depths asunder,
It belches forth in a voice of thunder!

And lo! in the waters dark and drear
They behold a gleam of white,
And an arm and a shining neck appear,
And he breasteth strongly the surges' might:

'Tis he, and in his left hand he swingeth
On high the goblet that he bringeth!

And deep and long was the breath he drew,
As he greeted the light of day:
And a joyous clamor quickly grew.
"He lives! He is here! He found the way!
From the grave, from the whirlpool's rage infernal,
He bravely hath saved his soul eternal!"

He comes, he draws near with the joyous crowd;
He sinks at the feet of the king,
And kneeling presenteth the goblet, proud;
And the king bids his daughter guerdon bring,
She the goblet brimfull of wine on him presses,
And these words the youth to the king addresses:

"Long life to the king! And glad let him be,
Who breathes in the light of day,
For horrible 'tis down there in the sea!
Let no man desire what the gods gainsay,
And never and never seek to discover
What in mercy with darkness and terrors they
cover!

"It tore me down with the speed of light,
Till shot from a rift in my course,
A rushing stream in my face did smite:—
I was gripped by the maelstrom's furious force,
And like a top, in dizzy gyration,
I was whirled around without cessation.

"And God, to whom for help I called,
In my great and imminent need,
He showed a reef to my eyes appalled,
To which I clung, and from death was freed:
And there hung the cup, from a coral depending,
That else had fallen to depths unending.

“For far below me, mountains deep,
An empurpled darkness lay,
And though to the ear it seemed to sleep,
The eye beheld, with fear and dismay
Lizards, salamanders and dragons tremendous
Astir in that hellish cavern stupendous.

“And knotted, in black confusion, they
Were horribly squirming about;
The prickle-set fish, the stinging ray,
The hammerhead’s monstrous, distorted snout,
And with serrated teeth in menacing motion,
The terrible shark, the hyena of ocean!

“And there I hung, and shuddering confessed,
From human aid so remote,
’Mid masks the only sentient breast,
Alone in this vast desolation afloat,
Far down neath the sound of human voices,
Where only the hideous monster rejoices.

“And terror o’ercame me: when sprawling near,
Comes a hundred-jointed thing,
With snapping of jaws; in a panic of fear
I loose the coral to which I cling.
The whirlpool grips me in wild gyration,
But it tears me upward, unto salvation!”

The tale in amazement heareth the king,
And saith, “the goblet is thine,
And added to it, this precious ring
With its jewel rare for thee I design,
If thou try once more and give me a notion
What thou saw’st in the uttermost depths of the
ocean!”

His daughter hears it in soft dismay,
And in coaxing tones doth plead:
“Let, father, enough be the cruel play!

What none would do, he hath done the deed;
If your heart's desire be thus untamed,
Let not the knights by the squire be shamèd!"

And quickly the king grips the goblet then,
And flings it down in the sea:
And if thou bring back the goblet again,
Of all my knights the best thou shalt be,
And this very day to the altar be leading
The maiden who now thy cause is pleading."

Then heavenly bliss in his soul is bred,
And his eyes they sparkle bright.
He sees the fair one flush rosy red,
And he sees her sink down pale and white;
This prize so precious, he must attain it,
And he plunges in, to die or gain it!

And the surges roar, and again they rise,
Proclaimed by their thundrous call;
They are watched with eager, with loving eyes:
They come, they come, the waters all,
And upward they rush, and downward ever,
The gallant youth returneth never!

L. B. T. K.

THE FEAST OF ELEUSIS

Ears of the wheat for the garland you're wreathing
Take, and the dark-blue cyanas between!
Joy full as pure as the air that you're breathing
Fill your hearts as you welcome the Queen.
For she tamed Man's wildness primeval,
Made him live with his neighbor content.
To a cottage, devoid of evil,
Changed his dwelling of yore, the tent.

Clefts of rocks and secret places
Sheltered then the troglodyte;
Roving nomads left their traces,—

Land laid waste as by a blight.
Hunstmén only braved its danger,—
Arrows and a spear they bore;
Woe unto the shipwrecked stranger
Cast on that forsaken shore!

Of her ceaseless wand'rings weary,
Still in search of Proserpine,
Ceres reached this country dreary,
Where no fields were waving green,
Where no homes of humble tillers
Of the soil their welcome shed,
Where no temple reared its pillars,—
Where the fear of God was dead!

Nowhere did the harvest's treasure
To a pure repast invite,
But the altars bore full measure—
Human victims, bones bleached white!
Yea, and everywhere she wandered
She encountered sin, disgrace,
And her generous spirit pondered
How to lift the human race.

“Man with beauty we did dower
Such as gods enjoy in bliss,
Where o'er Tempe mountains tower,—
And is he reduced to this?
We did give him for a dwelling
Our progenitress, the Earth;
On Her regal bosom swelling
Outcast, he doth suffer dearth.

“Has no god by pity driven,
None of all the heavenly band,
From disgrace to free him striven?
Has none lent a helping hand?
In the happy meads of heaven
They feel not for others' woe,

But the anguish that is given
Unto Man, I well do know!

“Man must seal a league eternal,
If true manhood he would know,
Keep his faith with his maternal
Soil, the Earth, for weal or woe,—
Must give honor to the holy
Laws of Nature, and the long
Marches of the moons that slowly
Wander in melodious song!”

Softly she the mist disperses
With which mortal sight was sealed;
Midst of savage oaths and curses,
Lo! the goddess stood revealed!
At a feast of martial glory
Gathered was the savage horde,—
From a cup, all blood and gory,
A libation they have poured!

At the sight with horror stricken,
Shuddering she turned and spake:
“Bloody feasts may tigers quicken,
Such no god will e’er partake!
Pure must be the gifts ye offer,
Fruits that Autumn hath purveyed;
With the wealth the fields shall proffer
Should your sacrifice be made!”

And she grasped the spear, held idle
In the huntsman’s brawny hand,
With the weapon homicidal
Traced a line upon the sand;
Took a seed, with strength prolific,
From the wheat-beards of her wreath,
Dropped it in the rill vivific,—
Straight the germ swelled in its sheath.

And at once the ground was flecked with
Blades of tender springing green ;
Lo ! as they gazed, the earth was decked with
Waving fields of golden sheen !
Then she blessed the crops perfected,
First a sheaf herself did make,
For her hearth the field-stone selected,
And the goddess smiling spake :

“Father Zeus, oh, thou who reignest
Over all the gods on high,
If this sacrifice thou deignest
To accept, vouchsafe reply,
And these most unhappy mortals,
Who wot not thy majesty,
Open thou for them the portals,
That their god they now may see !”

And Zeus heard his sister's pleading
On his throne above the world,
From aloft, her prayer heeding,
Straight his thunderbolt he hurled :
Hurling fire from heaven descended,
Set the leaping flames alight,
And, where high the smoke ascended,
Soared his eagle, swift of flight !

Moved by this wonder the horde perturbed
At the feet of the goddess bent low,
Their barbarian souls agitated
By humanity's earliest glow !
Casting aside their weapons all gory,
Minds darkly sealed they open, and hearts,
Heeding the teachings admonitory
Which the gracious Queen imparts.

From their thrones in quick succession
Came each goddess, aye, and god ;
Themis led the long procession,

And with her impartial rod
His just dues to each she meted,
Set the stone where bounds confine,
And as valid witness greeted
Styx mysterious and divine.

Vulcan left his forges glowing,
He, the son of Zeus, in play
How to fashion vessels knowing;
Artisan in bronze and clay.
How to use the tongs expounding,
With his leathern bellows' aid
And with hammer strokes resounding,
First of all a plough he made.

And Minerva, tall and stately,
With her mighty spear in hand,
Lifts her voice, resounding greatly,
And commands the heavenly band;
She would rear on firm foundations
Walls, a shelter strong to be,
To unite the severed nations
In a league of amity.

And she leads the way imperious
O'er the softly swelling plain,
And the boundary-god mysterious
Follows closely in her train.
Thus the sacred precincts pacing,
Over wooded hill and dale,
Eke the river's torrent racing
She includes within the pale.

All the nymphs and sylphids sprightly
That in Huntress Dian's train,
Coursing though the forest lightly,
Cast their hunting spears amain,—
One and all they come, and waxes
Loud the mirth, as helping all,
Busily they ply their axes,
And the fir-trees crashing fall.

From his watery realm arises,
Crowned with reeds, the river god,
To their place the trunks he prizes,
At Minerva's beck and nod ;
And the Hours that run so swiftly,
Scantly-kirtled, do their part,
And the rugged boles are deftly
Smoothed and fashioned by their art.

Neptune also cometh, hasting,—
With his mighty trident's stroke
Granite pillars everlasting
From the ribs of Earth hath broke ;
Tosses them in grip gigantic
High in air, like to a ball,
And with Hermes, nimbly antic,
Piles the ramparts of the wall.

But Apollo from his golden
Lyre evokes sweet harmony,
And the sweep of measures molten,
And the power of melody ;
While the ninefold cadence ringing
Of the Muses, swells the tone
Rhythmic to their tuneful singing
Stone is fitted unto stone.

And the gateway's ample portals
Kybele doth set aright,
Fixes bolts 'gainst hostile mortals,
And the locks that close them tight.
Swift, when godlike strength combineth,
Lo! the wondrous task is done,
And the temple's beauty shineth
With the glory of the sun.

Juno with a wreath of myrtle
Decks the fairest maiden there,
And she leads her, in her kirtle,

To the youth most debonair.
Venus and the Boy-god offer
To adorn the couple fair,
All the gods their bounties proffer
To the first new-wedded pair.

And the people, songs reciting,
By the gods are ushered in,
Through the gates that ope inviting
Where the fane of Zeus is seen—
As High Priestess office holding,
Ceres doth oblation make,
Hands in benediction folding,
To the people thus she spake:

"Free, the gods do reign in heaven,
And the beasts hold freedom dear,
Though their breasts be passion-riven,
Nature's Law they yet revere.
Man, alone of all creation,
With his fellow must unite,
And in such association
Freedom shall he know, and might!"

Ears of the wheat for the garland you're wreathing
Take, and the dark-blue cyanas between,
Joy full as pure as the air that you're breathing
Fill your hearts as you welcome the Queen!
For she gave man his peaceful dwelling
Made him live with his neighbor content:
In her praise lift your voices swelling,
The World-Mother beneficent!

L. B. T. K.

THE GLOVE

In his garden for lion-baiting,
The mimic fight awaiting,
Sat Francis the King;

And the peers of his realm surround him,
In the balcony's curve, around him,
Of ladies, a beauteous ring.

And when his hand he waveth
A den wide open caveth,
Whence with slow, majestic walk,
A lion doth stalk.
In silence profound
Looks round,
His mane then shaketh,
And a yawn he fetches,
His limbs he stretches,
And his ease he taketh.

And the King again beckons;
Another of the keeps
At once gapes wide,
From whence leaps
In fury careering,
A tiger pied.
When he sees the lion hoar,
With a roar,
He lashes the air
With his tail, and lays bare
His fangs, with tongue appearing;
And circles shy
Where the lion doth lie,
Purring loudly;
Then lays him down proudly
Beside the lion.

And the King again beckons;
At once two gates are opened as one
And forth two leopards madly run,
And rush with lust of blood and hate
At the tiger straight;
Who seizes them in his paws gigantic;
But the lion lifts his head,

Roars once, and in dread
They cease their attacks
And lie down in their tracks,
Though for blood and combat frantic.

And a glove from the balustrade,
From the hand of a beauteous maid
Falls twixt the lion and tiger-cat,
Just where she sat.

And to her knight, in mocking guise,
The lady turns, and speaks this wise:
"Sir Knight, and if so hot is your love
As you do swear at every hour,
Why, I pray you, go pick up my glove!"

And this knight, of knighthood the flower,
Descends to the den of terror,
He walks in boldly,
And from the midst of the beasts he coldly
Picks up the glove, without an error.

And all the knights and ladies are gazing
With fear and awe at this deed amazing.
And calmly he brings back the glove;
And every one in praise to him turneth,
But with the looks of a gentle dove—
A promise of her love—
The lady waits as he returneth.
And he casts the glove full in her face:
"No thanks, Lady, do I crave from your grace!"
And thenceforth her love he spurneth.

L. B. T. K.

POEMS BY
VARIOUS GERMAN AUTHORS



TWO POEMS

By Friedrich Rückert

He came to meet me
In rain and thunder;
My heart 'gain beating
In timid wonder:
Could I guess whether
Thenceforth together
Our path should run, so long asunder?

He came to meet me
In rain and thunder,
With guile to cheat me,—
My heart to plunder.
Was't mine he captured?
Or his I raptured?
Half-way both met, in bliss and wonder!

He came to meet me
In rain and thunder:
Spring-blessings greet me
Spring-blossoms under.
What though he leave me?
No partings grieve me,—
No path can lead our hearts asunder!

BARBAROSSA

The ancient Barbarossa,
Friedrich, the Kaiser great,
Within the castle-cavern
Sits in enchanted state.

He did not die; but ever
Waits in the chamber deep,
Where hidden under the castle
He sat himself to sleep.

The splendor of the Empire
He took with him away,
And back to earth will bring it
When dawns the promised day.

The chair is ivory purest
Whereof he makes his bed;
The table is of marble
Whereon he props his head.

His beard, not flax, but burning
With fierce and fiery glow
Right through the marble table
Beneath his chair does grow.

He nods in dreams, and winketh
With dull, half-open eyes,
And once an age he beckons
A page that standeth by.

He bids the boy in slumber:
"O dwarf, go up this hour,
And see if still the ravens
Are flying round the tower.

"And if the ancient ravens
Still wheel above us here,
Then must I sleep enchanted
For many a hundred year."

SIX POEMS

By Ludwig Uhland

THE MOUNTAIN BOY

A herd-boy on the mountain's brow,
I see the castles all below.
The sunbeam here is earliest cast

And by my side it lingers last—

I am the boy of the mountain!

The mother-house of streams is here—

I drink them in their cradles clear;

From out the rock they foam below,

I spring to catch them as they go!

I am the boy of the mountain!

To me belongs the mountain's hound,

Where gathering tempests march around;

But though from north and south they shout,

Above them still my song rings out—

"I am the boy of the mountain!"

Below me clouds and thunders move;

I stand amid the blue above,

I shout to them with fearless breast:

"Go leave my father's house in rest!"

I am the boy of the mountain!

And when the loud bell shakes the spires

And flame aloft the signal-fires,

I go below and join the throng,

And swing my sword and sing my song:

"I am the boy of the mountain!"

THE THREE SONGS

King Siegfried sat in his lofty hall:

"Ye harpers! who sings the best song of all?"

Then a youth stepped forth with a scornful lip,

The harp in his hand, and the sword at his hip.

"Three songs I know; but this first song

Thou, O King! hast forgotten long:

Thou hast stabbed my brother with murderous
hand,—

Hast stabbed my brother with murderous hand!

"The second song I learned aright
In the midst of a dark and stormy night:
Thou shalt fight with me for life or death,—
Must fight with me for life or death!"

On the banquet-table he laid his harp,
And they both drew out their swords so sharp;
And they fought in the sight of the harpers all,
Till the King sank dead in the lofty hall.

"And now for the third, the proudest, best!
I shall sing it, sing it, and never rest:
King Siegfried lies in his red, red blood,—
Siegfried lies in his red, red blood!"

THE GARDEN OF ROSES

Of the beautiful Garden of Roses
I will sing, with your gracious leave,
There the dames walked forth at morning,
And the heroes fought at eve.

"My Lord is King of the country,
But I am the Garden's Queen;
His crown with the red gold sparkles,
And mine with the rose's sheen.

"So hear me, ye youthful gallants,
My favorite guardsmen three;
The garden is free to the maidens,
To the knights it must not be.

"They would trample my beautiful roses,
And bring me trouble enow,"—
Said the Queen, as she walked in the morning,
With the garland on her brow.

Then went the three young gallants
And guarded the gate about;

And peacefully blossomed the roses
And sent their odors out.

Now came three fair young maidens,
Virgins that knew not sin:
"Ye guardsmen, ye gallant three guardsmen,
Open, and let us in!"

And when they had gathered the roses,
They spake, with looks forlorn:
"What makes our hands so bloody
Is it the prick of the thorn?"

And still the three young gallants
Guarded the gate about,
And peacefully blossomed the roses,
And sent their odors out.

Now came upon prancing stallions
Three lawless knights, and cried:
"Ye guardsmen, ye surly three guardsmen,
Open the portal wide!"

"The portal is shut and bolted:
Our naked swords will teach
That the price of the roses is costly;
Ye must pay a wound for each!"

Then fought the knights and the gallants,
But the knights had the victory,
And the roses were torn and trampled,
And died with the guardsmen three.

And when the evening darkened,
The Queen came by with her train:
"Now that my roses are trampled
And my beautiful guardsmen slain,

"I will lay them on leaves of roses,

And bury them solemnly:
And where was the Garden of Roses,
The Garden of Lilies shall be.

"But who, will watch my lilies,
When their blossoms open white?
By day the sun shall be sentry,
And the moon and the stars by night!"

BERTRAN DE BORN

Yonder now in ashes smoulders
Autafort upon its height,
And its lord is brought, a prisoner,
Straight into the monarch's sight:
"Art thou he whose songs our people
× To rebellion did incite,
For whose sake our children gladly
Stood against their sire in fight?"

"Stands before us he who boasted
In exultant, vaunting strain,
That in direst need sufficient
Was the moiety of his brain?
Now the moiety hath not saved thee,
Use the whole, nor use't in vain;
Let it build anew thy castle,
And thy fetters break in twain!"

"As thou sayest, King and master,
I am he, Bertran de Born,
Who with songs hath made rebellious
Perigueux, Montfort, Combourn,
Who hath been, most mighty monarch,
In thy flesh a constant thorn,
For the love of whom thy children
Have the royal anger borne.

"In thy palace sat thy daughter,
Beautiful, a duke's fair bride,
And my envoy stood before her,
Unto whom I did confide
Songs that told her poet's longing,
Songs that once had been her pride,
'Till she wept upon her bridal
And her tears would not be dried.

"In the olive's slumbrous shadow
Best of all thy sons lay there:
When he heard my war-songs ringing,
Up he sprang, to do and dare.
Quickly saddled was his charger,
And his standard I did bear
When at Montfort's gates an arrow
Laid him low, so young and fair!

"In my arms he lay expiring;
Sharper than his wound could be
Was the anguish of his spirit,—
He was dying, cursed by thee!
And he stretched his right hand towards thee
Over valleys, hills and sea;
When thy hand in answer clasped not
Mine in death once more pressed he.

"Then, like Autafort up yonder,
Broke my spirit when he fell;
Not the whole, not yet the moiety
Had I,—sword nor minstrel's spell.
Easy 'twas the arm to fetter
When the mind was weak as well;
Now my strength is gone forever,
Thou hast heard its funeral knell!"

Spake with bended head the monarch:
"Thou didst lead my son astray,
Cast a glamor o'er my daughter,

And my heart hast touched to-day!
Thine, thou friend of the departed,
Be the pardon he did pray.
Loose his fetters! Of thy spirit
I have caught a single ray!"

L. B. T. K.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

Hast seen the castle lifting
Its walls high o'er the sea?
Golden and rosy shifting
The clouds float lazily.

It is fain to look down, and bendeth
To the mirrored depths below;
It is fain to rise and extendeth
Its height in the sunset glow.

"I've seen the castle lifting
Its walls high o'er the sea,
And fog-wreaths past it drifting;
The moon shone mistily."

Were the winds and the billows leaping,
Sparkling, blithe and gay?
Were the halls high revel keeping,
With carols and roundelay?

"The billows and winds were sleeping,
Hushed were all sounds below;
In the hall were dirges and weeping,
Listening my tears did flow."

Did'st thou up yonder behold them,
The king and his royal spouse?
Did the crimson mantles enfold them?
Were the crowns of gold on their brows?

Were they not twixt them leading
A maiden wondrous fair,
Glorious, the sun exceeding,
Radiant in golden hair?

"I saw that couple pacing,
Black-vested cap-a-pie;
No crowns their brows were gracing;—
The maid I did not see."

L. B. T. K.

FOUR POEMS

By Joseph von Eichendorf

DISAPPOINTMENT

I rested from my wand'ring,
Full-orbed the moon arose,—
Afar, a line of silver,
Where ancient Tiber flows.
Castles crowned the mountains,
Shining in moonlit air,
And gardens with gurgling fountains,—
Italia! thou art so fair!

And when the night was failing,
All earth was gladsome and bright,
I spied a shepherd scaling
The rock at a dizzy height.
I asked with senses reeling:
"Can I walk to Rome to-day?"
He, scarce a laugh concealing,
"Have you lost your wits, man, pray?"
From a vineyard a maid was peeping,
Through the leaves her bright eyes gleam,—
While my heart within me was weeping,—
For it was nought but a dream!

L. B. T. K.

THE POET'S FATE

For all, my heart rejoicing,
With faithful warmth must glow;
The grief of all still voicing,
For all, my flowers blow,—
And when my songs reward are earning
My body will to dust be turning!

L. B. T. K.

THE CROSS-WAYS

By starlight oft at the cross-ways I hark,
When the fires in the forest are dying,
And where afar a dog first doth bark
Hither my lover is hieing.

“And when the gray dawn broke in the glade
A wildcat from cover came creeping;
Through her nut-brown pelt I shot the jade,—
How far she sprang, overleaping!”

Alas for the pelt, 'tis lost for awhile!
My love must be like his fellows,
Brown, with mustachios Hungarian style,
And a heart that the vagrant life mellows!

LONGING

In the glimmer of golden starlight
I stood at the casement alone,
And heard thro' the silent far night
A postilion's bugle tone.
My heart in my bosom was burning
And longing o'erpowered me quite:
“Ah! would that I could be journeying
In the glorious summer night!”

Two youthful wanderers wended
Their way down the mountain side,
As they fared, their voices blended
In the silence far and wide.
They sang of dizzy abysses,
Where forests murmur low,
Of towering precipices
And cataracts fed by the snow.

Of statues smothered in flowers
They sang, and of gardens at noon
Still dusky with tangled bowers,—
Of a palace under the moon,
Where a maid at the window listens
For her lover's lute, by the light
That in drowsy fountains glistens,
In the glorious summer night!

L. B. T. K.

FOUR POEMS

By Emanuel Geibel

PERGOLESE

Now at length his work is finished,
And with piety undiminished
Kneels the Master at God's throne:
The cathedral's stately arches
Pulsate with the swelling marches,
Choral song and organ tone:

*Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam ac dolentem
Pertransiit gladius.*

And the Holy Mother's passion
Strongly moves all heart's compassion—

Sounds the organ deep and low ;
But in music heaven-descended
Even anguish must be ended :
Gentle tears begin to flow.

*Quis est homo qui non fleret
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio,
Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio.*

Pious tremors, raptures holy
Now enshroud the Master wholly,
Thoughts of death both sweet and mild,
And his eyes in faith upraising,
To the altar he is gazing,
To the Virgin undefiled.

*Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere,
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis ege sortem
Et plagas recolere.*

Hark! what heavenly strains are stealing,
Mingled with the organ's pealing,
On the wond'ring, awestruck throng—
Seraphim to earth descending
Bear him into bliss unending,
While to heaven soars his song!

*Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria!*

L. B. T. K.

GOLDEN BRIDGES

Golden bridges shall be
All my songs to me,
O'er which Love may wander
Sweetest child, to thee!

And the dream-god's pinions
Every night shall bear
To thy loving heart me
Joy betide, or care!

L. B. T. K.

SONG

The stately water-lily
Floats o'er the blue below,
Its leaves are flashing and glistening,
Its flower is white as snow.

And the moon above in heaven
Pours all its golden light,
Pours all its rays so silent
Into her bosom white.

A snow-white swan in circles
Around the flower floats;
He sings so sweet, so softly,
His love to her devotes.

He sings so sweet, so softly,
No ear that song can withstand—
O flower, snow-white flower,
That song dost understand?

L. B. T. K.

TWO KINGS

Two Kings were sitting in Orkadal,
By torchlight glare in the pillared hall.

The minstrels sang, the wine foamed high;
The Kings looked on with gloomy eye.

Up spake the one: "Give me the fair,
Blue are her eyes, and golden her hair!"

The other he answered with angry mien:
"My vow is recorded, she is my queen!"

The Kings thereafter spake not a word,
But up they arose, and each grasped his sword.

And out they stalked from the lighted hall,
Where the snow lay deep with silent fall.

Bright flashed their blades by the castle wall;
Two Kings lay dead in Orkadal.

L. B. T. K.

PRINCE EUGENE

By Ferdinand Freiligrath

Tents and outposts, sentries rounding!
Danube's banks with mirth resounding!
Round the tent-pegs in a line
Horses grazing on their tether;
From each peaked saddle leather
Swings the cavalry carbine.

Round about the fires camping,
At their feet the horses champing,
Lies the Austrian vedette.

On their cloaks they rest together;
From each busby floats a feather,
Captain dices, and cornet.

Stretched beside his horse all jaded
On a blanket worn and faded
All alone the bugler lay.
"Leave your dice and cards and stories!
Fighters for an empire's glories
Will enjoy a martial lay!"

"Of last week's successful action.
For the army's satisfaction
I have made a seemly verse:
E'en the tune is my invention,
Therefore, Whites and Reds, attention!
Listen while I do rehearse."

Once and twice and thrice the measure
In a low voice for the pleasure
Of those troopers bold he sang,
And the last time when he ended
Suddenly their voices blended;
Loud and full the chorus rang:

"Prince Eugene, our knight victorious!"
Hi! the sound, like storm uproarious
Frights the Turk within his trench.
And the bugler, his mustachios twisting,
Strolls apart to keep his trysting
With the buxom sutler's wench.

L. B. T. K.

FOUR POEMS

By Heinrich Heine

SONG

Thou hast diamonds and pearls and jewels,
Hast all the heart wishes, in store;
And ah, thou hast eyes so lovely—
My darling, what would'st thou have more?

And upon thine eyes so lovely,
That pierce my heart to its core,
Uncounted songs have I written—
My darling, what would'st thou have more?

Alas, with thine eyes so lovely
Thou hast tortured and wounded me sore;
Thine eyes have compassed my view—
My darling, what would'st thou have more?

TO THE GANGES

On the wing of Fancy flying,
Sweetheart, I bear thee with me,
To a wondrous paradise lying
Where Ganges rolls to the sea.

A garden with flowers rosy flushing
Lies steeped in moonlit air;
And the lotus faintly blushing,
Awaits its sister fair.

The violets rustling and spreading
Peer out at the stars above,
Roses their fragrance are shedding,
And whispering tales of love!

The timid gazelles are listening
With soft and eager eyes,
And in the distance glistening
The sacred river lies.

At the foot of a palm-tree sinking,
Where shadows darkest seem,
Of Love we'll deep be drinking
And dream a rapturous dream!

L. B. T. K.

THE GRENADIERS

Two grenadiers, captured in Russian Campaign,
Toward France were plodding away;
And when they in Germany quarter had ta'en,
Their spirits were saddened and dreary.

For there the sad tidings they heard in dismay
That Victory France had forsaken;
Dispersed and defeated her battle array,
And the Emperor, the Emperor was taken!

The grenadiers heard it dolefully,
And their tears were beyond restraining.
And one, he said: "Ah, woe is me!
How it sets my wound apaining!"

The other said, "it is the end,
And I would die with you gladly,
But wife and child at home depend
On me, or they fare badly."

"What care I for child, what care I for wife,
By greater alarms I am shaken;
Let them go and beg, if they care for life—
When my Emperor, my Emperor is taken!

My comrade true, one boon I crave,
For I will soon be dying;
Then carry my body to France for a grave,—
In the soil of France I'd be lying.

The cross of honor with its red band,
Upon my breast display it;
And place my gun within my hand,
My sabre, beside me lay it.

There I'll lie and listen so many a year
A sentry, the green sod under,
Till neighing horses' hoofbeats I hear,
And the cannons' volley and thunder.

Then rideth my Emperor over my grave;
The sabres are flashing and fending,
Full armed I will rise from the sleep of the grave,
My Emperor, my Emperor defending!"

L. B. T. K.

THE ASRA

Daily in her wondrous beauty
Did the daughter of the sultan
Walk at evening by the fountain,
Where the silver waters tinkle.

Daily did the slave so youthful
Stand at evening by the fountain,
Where the silver waters tinkle;
Daily grew more pale and paler.

Then one evening did the princess
Thus with rapid words approach him:
"I would know what might thy name be,
Whence thou art, and what thy lineage?"

And the slave thus spake: "My name is
Mahomet; I come from Yemen,
And by race I am an Asra,
One who dieth when he loveth!"

L. B. T. K.

A SONG

By Martin Grasf

One midsummer night hand-in-hand we twain
Sprang through the flames so lightly
That the fire's dread might clutch our dress in
vain,—
Our hearts they blazed up brightly.

One midsummer night did a pouring rain
Quench all the fitful flashes:—
In our hot delight lip to lip we strain—
Down sank the fire in ashes.

I stand upon the moorland drear
And silence broodeth far and near.
The night falls darkly o'er the weald,
My soul is fain to roam afield.

THE WOMEN OF WEINSPERG

By Adalbert von Chamisso

It was the good King Konrad with all his army lay
Before the town of Weinsperg full many a weary
day.

The Guelph at last was vanquished, but still the
town held out,

The bold and fearless burghers they fought with
courage stout.

But then came hunger! hunger, that was a grievous
guest;

They went to ask for favor, but anger met their
quest.

“Through you the dust hath bitten full many a
worthy knight,
And if your gates you open, the sword shall you
requite!”

Then came the women, praying: “Let be as thou
hast said,
Yet give us women quarter, for we no blood have
shed!”
At sight of these poor wretches the hero’s anger
failed,
And soft compassion entered and in his heart pre-
vailed.

“The women shall be pardoned, and each with her
shall bear
As much as she can carry of her most precious ware;
The women with their burdens unhindered forth
shall go,
Such is our royal judgment—we swear it shall be
so!”

At early dawn next morning, ere yet the east was
bright,
The soldiers saw advancing a strange and wondrous
sight;
The gates swung slowly open, and from the van-
quished town
Forth swayed a long procession of women weighted
down;

For perched upon her shoulders each did her hus-
band bear,—
That was the thing most precious of all her house-
hold ware.
“We’ll stop the treacherous women!” cried all with
one intent;
The chancellor he shouted: “This was not what
we meant!”

But when they told King Konrad, the good king
 laughed aloud;
"If this was not our meaning, they've made it so,"
 he vowed.
"A promise is a promise, our loyal word was pledge;
It stands, and no Lord Chancellor may quibble or
 may hedge."

Thus was the royal scutcheon kept free from stain
 or blot!
The story has descended from days now half-forgot;
"Twas ⁱⁿeleven forty this happened, as I've heard,
The flower of German princes thought shame to
 break his word.

L. B. T. K.

ADELAIDA

By Friedrich von Matthisson

Lonely wanders thy friend in the vernal garden;
Softly streams the magic light around him,
Sifting through the swaying leaves and blossoms,
 Adelaida!

In the mirrored lake, in snows eternal,
In the golden clouds of Day departing,
In the starry heavens shines thine image,
 Adelaida!

Twilight zephyrs in tender foliage rustle,
Lilies of the valley softly tinkle,
Wavelets whisper and nightingales warble—
 Adelaida!

On my grave one day shall bloom, oh! wonder,
From the ashes of my heart a flower,
On whose every purple leaf thou shinest,
 Adelaida!

L. B. T. K.

THE GRAVE OF ALARIC

By August, Count Platen

On Busento's grassy banks a muffled chorus echoes
 nightly,
While the swirling eddies answer, and the wavelets
 ripple lightly.

Up and down the river, shades of Gothic warriors
 watch are keeping,
For they mourn their people's hero, Alaric, with
 sobs of weeping.

All too soon and far from home and kindred here
 to rest they laid him
While in youthful beauty still his flowing golden
 curls arrayed him.

And along the river's bank a thousand hands with
 eager striving
Labored long, another channel for Busento's tide
 contriving.

Then a cavern deep they hollowed in the river-bed
 depleted,
Placed therein the dead king, clad in proof, upon
 his charger seated.

O'er him and his proud array the earth they filled
 and covered loosely
So that on their hero's grave the water-plants would
 grow profusely.

And again the course they altered of Busento's wa-
 ters troubled;
In its ancient channel rushed the current,—foamed,
 and hissed, and bubbled.

And the Goths in chorus chanted:—"Hero, sleep!
thy fame immortal
Roman greed shall ne'er insult, nor break thy tomb's
most sacred portal!"

Thus they sang, and paeans sounded high above the
fight's commotion;
Onward roll, Busento's waves, and bear them to
the farthest ocean!

L. B. T. K.

TRANSYLVANIAN HUNTER'S SONG

I hunt the stag in forests deep,
The roe-buck in the brake,
The eagle on her eyrie steep,
The wild-duck in the lake;
No place could shelter give, in fine,
Whene'er my rifle spoke,
And yet this stony heart of mine
Hath felt Love's gentle yoke.

Oft have I camped in winter time
In drear and stormy night,
And covered o'er with snow and rime
A rock my bed I hight.
On thorns I've slept as if on down,
The north wind passed me by—
And yet this callous breast of mine
Could not Love's might defy.

My fellow is the falcon bold,
The wolf's my mate in fight;
The baying hounds my matins tolled,
Huzzas begin my night.
A sprig of fir in lieu of flower
Adorns my blood-smirched cap,
And yet once Love with sovereign power
My wild heart's strength did sap!

L. B. T. K.

SWORDING, THE SAXON DUKE

By Egon Ebert

The Saxon Duke, great Swording, sat feasting in his
hall,
The rarest wines were sparkling in cups of iron all,
Delicious foods were passing on iron platters round,
The iron breastplates clanking, they made a fear-
some sound.

And Frotho, King of Denmark, sat at the board, a
guest,
He marvelled as he saw that the Duke in chains
was dressed,
That iron chains were hanging about his arms and
neck,
And iron clasps and brooches his sable habit deck.

"Now tell me what this meaneth, Lord Brother,
prithee, say,
Why was a guest I bidden to this most grim array?
When I rode blithely hither from out my Danish
hold
I hoped to find you fairly decked out with wealth
of gold."

"Sir King, the slave wears iron, while gold is for
the free,
Such is the Saxon custom, and so it needs must be!
The Saxon's arm you've fettered with bonds of iron
strong,
For if your chains were golden, they had not held us
long.

"And yet methinks these fetters may broken be, in
sooth,
By high and noble courage, and honest faith and
truth.
By these we'll win our freedom, though hundredfold
in chains,

By these our oaths we'll sever, wipe out disgraceful
stains!"

Thus spake the Duke, and straightway appeared
within the hall
Twelve Saxon knights in sable, and bearing torches
all;
They stood in silence, waiting for Swarding's low
command,
Then forth they sprang, and swiftly, each lifting
high his brand.

And soon arose a clamor, that guest and master
note,
Like fire crackling, snapping, upon their ears it
smote.
And soon the air grew stifling and hot within the
hall,
"The hour has come!" thus hoarsely the knights
they murmured all.

The King would flee in terror, the Duke, he holds
him fast,
"Nay stay thou here and let us thy courage prove at
last!
If thou against yon mighty opponent hold'st thine
own,
Thine be the Saxon's country, thine be the Saxon
throne."

And hotter yet, and hotter, it grows within the
hall,
And louder yet, and louder, without, the rafters fall,
And brighter yet, and brighter, a rosy light is shed,
And breaking through the portal, devouring flames
do spread.

And all those knights, devoted and prayerful bend
the knee,

"Lord, to our souls be gracious, that here themselves set free!"

The Duke, he looks on calmly, the fire advances fleet,

The King, from fear nigh fainting, he drags upon his feet.

"Look up, thou mighty victor! Thou coward, terror feel!

Thus iron bonds we loosen, thus melts thy strongest steel!"

He speaks, and flames devouring soon overwhelm them one and all,

Seize Duke and King together; in ruin sinks the hall.

L. B. T. K.

THE MILL

Old Folk-song

Up yonder on the mountain

A millwheel turns away;

And naught but love it grindeth

All night till break of day.

The mill, alas! is broken,

And love is ended, gone;

God have thee in His keeping, love,

For I must wander on!

L. B. T. K.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

By Max Schneckenburger

A peal like thunder calls the brave,

With clash of sword and sound of rave,

To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

Who now will guard the river's line?
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The answer flames from every eye;
The German youths devoted stand
They shield the holy border-land.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.

And though my heart in death be dumb,
Still thou shalt not a Frank become!
Rich, as in water thy fair flood
Is Germany in hero-blood.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.

He sees above him heaven's blue dome
Whence souls of heroes watch their home
And vows, with battle's pride possessed:
Be German Rhine as is my breast!
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.

So long as blood shall warm our veins,
While for the sword one hand remains,
One arm to bear a gun,—no more
Shall foot of foeman tread thy shore!
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.

The oath resounds, the wave rolls by,
The banners wave, advanced on high;
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
We all will guard the river's line.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine!
Firm stands thy guard along the Rhine.



POEMS BY
VARIOUS FRENCH AUTHORS



THREE LYRICS FROM VICTOR HUGO'S LEGENDE DES SIECLES

SOLOMON

I am the king who mystic power commanded;
I built the Temple, ruined towns supreme:
Hiram, my architect, and Charos, my right-handed,
Still here beside me dream.

One as a trowel, one as a sword, was given;
I let them plan, and what they did was well:
My breath mounts higher, nearer unto heaven
Than Libyan whirlwinds swell;—

God sometimes feels it. Child of guilty kisses,
Vast, gloomy in my wisdom: demons shun
To take between high heaven and their abysses,
A judge but Solomon.

I make men tremble and believe my story;
Conquering, they part and follow to my feast:
As king, I bear down mortals with the glory,
And with the gloom as priest.

Mine was of festals and of cups the vision,
The finger writing *Mene Tekel* then,
And war, and chariots, clarions, and collision
Of horses and of men.

Grand as some sullen idol's form discloses,
Mysterious as a garden's closed retreat,
Yet, though I be more mighty than the roses
In moons of May are sweet,

Take from me scepter with the bright gold laden,
My throne, the archer on my tower above,
But men shall never take, O sweet young maiden,
From out my heart its love!

Men shall not take the love, O virgin purest,
That as in fountains beams to mirror thee,
More than from out the darkness of the forest
The song-bird's minstrelsy!

MOSCHUS

Bathe ye, O Nymphs, in the cool forest-springs!
Although the thicket with dull voices rings,
And in its rocks the eagle's nest finds place,
'Twas ne'er invaded by such gathering gloom
As grows to darkness, and will yield no room
To nude Neæra's grace.

Fair is Neæra, pure, and glimmers white,
Transparent, through the forest's horrid night;
An echo dialogues with one afar,
Gossips a hive with flowers upon the leas,—
What says the echo?—what the wandering bees?
She, naked, is a star!

For, when thou bathest, starry splendor falls,
Chaste one, on thee, with vague fear that appals
And beauty's boldness ever must imbue:
In shades where eye of ardent faun peers now,
To show thee woman,—knowest, Neæra, thou,—
Shows thee as goddess too!

Though man be darkened by the high king's power,
Above my head I here have built a bower
With boughs of elm and boughs of holly green;
I love the meadows, woods, the unfettered air,
Neæra Phyllodoxis, and the fair
Fond idyl's strain serene.

Though here, where sleep sometimes our lids may
fill,
The distant thunders stray from hill to hill,—
Though spectral lightnings here forever shoot,

And the sky threatens,—as we pace along
Is it forbid to dream, or hear the song,
 Betwixt the thunders, or a flute?

THE EARTH

("A few of the best stanzas [of the opening hymn] in the form and meter of the original." B. T.)

Glory to Earth!—to the Dawn where God is seen!
To tingling eyes that ope in forest green,
 To flowers, and nests the Day makes bright!
Glory to nightly gleams of snowy hills,—
To the blue sky which, unexhausted, spills
 Such prodigal morning light!

* * * * *

Earth shows the harvest, though she hides the gold,
And in the flying seasons doth she fold
 The germs of seasons that shall be,—
Sends birds in air that carol: "Let us love!"
She founts in shadow, while on hills above
 Quivers the great oak-tree.

* * * * *

She pays to each his due, to Day Night's hours,
To Night the Day, the herbs to rocks, fruits flowers;
 She feedeth all she does create;
When men are doubtful, trusts in her the tree,—
O, sweet comparison, shaming Destiny,
 O Nature, holy, great!

Cradle of Adam and of Yaphet she
And then their tomb: she ordered Tyre to be,
 Now shorn of empire and of kings.
In Rome and Sparta, Memphis of old fame,

Whenever Man spake—and the silence came,—
The loud cicála sings.

And why? To quiet all who sleep in dust.
And why? Because the apotheosis must
Succeed the ruin and the wrong;
After the "No!" the "Yes!" be spoken then,
After the silent vanishing of men
The world's mysterious song.

Earth's friends are harvestmen; when evening falls
She fain would free her dark horizon-walls
From the keen swarm of ravenous crows.
When the tired ox says: "Home, now, let us
fare!"
And in the farmer's hands, returning there,
The ploughshare-armor glows.

Incessant, transient blossoms bear her sod;
They never breathe the least complaint to God:
Chaste lilies, vines that ripen free.
The shivering myrtles never send a cry
From winds profane up to the sacred sky,
To move with innocent plea.

SINCE I'VE PLACED MY LIP

By Victor Hugo

Since at thy brimming cup I've placed my lip;
Since my pale brow within thy hands I've laid;
Since sometimes I the fragrant breath did sip
Of thy soul, perfume now swallowed up in shade:—

Since to me 'twas given to hear thee speak some-
while
The words wherein the heart's sweet mystery lies;
Since I've seen thee weep, since I've seen thee smile,
Thy lips on my lips, as thine eyes in my eyes;—

Since I've seen on my raptured head shining bright
A ray of thy star, alas! forever in haze;
Since I've seen on the wave of my life falling light
A rose-leaf torn from the wreath of thy days;—

I now to the rapid years can say:
Pass on! Pass on! ye cannot make me old!
Go ye hence with your flowers all withered away;
In my soul I've a flower that no other may hold!

Your wings in their beating can nothing spill
Of the vase wherein I lave, and which is brimming
set.

My soul has more fire than your ashes can kill!
My heart has more love than you can make me
forget!

L. B. T. K.

RONDEL

By Charles d'Orleans (1391-1465)

The weather casts his cloak aside,
Of wind and ice and rain, pardie!
And dons a gown of broidery,
With sunlight brilliant, golden-dyed.
All beasts and birdlets pied
Their jargon sing, and cry with glee;
The weather casts his cloak aside,
Of wind and ice and rain, pardie!
Fount, brook, and river wide
Wear in joyous livery
Drops of silver, as jewelry:
Each garbs himself anew with pride.
The weather casts his cloak aside,
Of wind and ice and rain, pardie!

L. B. T. K.

TWO POEMS

By Pierre de Ronsard

CASSANDRA

Sweetheart, let us see if the rose,
Which this morning did uncloze
Its heart to the sun's golden shine,
At this evening hour yet holds
Of its royal robe the folds,
And its tint, that rivals thine.

Ah, see in what short space,
Sweetheart, it has beneath its place,
Alas, its fallen beauty shed!
Oh, Nature! thou dost unkindly give,
That such a flower may only live
From morn till daylight fled!

Then, if thou'lt believe me, sweet,
While yet the blossoms greet
Thee of Life's verdant May,—
Enjoy, enjoy thy youth,
Before old age, forsooth,
Thy beauty plucks away!

L. B. T. K.

TO A HAWTHORN

Fair hawthorn, green bowering,
 Flowering,
The length of this shore's incline,
Thou'rt wreathed to the very tip
 In close grip
By a wild grape-vine.

Two squadrons of red ants,
 Militants,

'Twixt thy roots in ambush lurk;
All its length in every hole
Of thy bole
Busy bees are at work.

The sweet songster frail,
Nightingale,
With his dainty mate so dear,
When the time for love compels,
Comes and dwells
In thy branches every year.

Lined with wool, he builds his nest
In thy crest,
And with finest silk made soft,
Where will hatch his babies wee,
Who shall be
Of my hands a prize aloft.

Then live, fair hawthorn tree,
Endlessly,
And may never thunder's might,
Or the axe, or time unkind,
Or the wind,
Prone on the earth thee smite!

L. B. T. K.

BALLADE

By Francois Villon (Written for His Mother)

Lady of Heaven, Earth's regent,
Empress of th' infernal state,
Receive thou me, a Christian reverent,
That I be one by thee nominate;—
This natheless that I am not adequate.
The gifts thou giv'st my lady and mistrèss,
Are far too great for my great sinfulness,
Without which gifts no soul may e'en try

To win to heaven, and I'm no juggleress.
In this faith I'm fain to live and die.

To thy Son commend his penitent:
That by him my sins be dissipate.
Give pardon as to th' Egyptian lent,
Or as the clerk Theophilus, whose fate
Moved thee to pardon him, compassionate,
Although he with the devil did transgress.
Preserve me thou, that I make no cesse;
Virgin, yet I beg thee purify
Me with thy sacramental holiness.
In this faith I'm fain to live and die.

I am a woman, poor and bent,
Nor nothing know, nor read can I;
Lo, in the minster where to prayer I went,
Paradise painted, with its harps I spy,
And Hell, where all the damned do boil and fry:
One gives me fear, the other joy's excess.
This joy give me to have, high Goddèss,
To whom all sinners must apply,
Fill me with faith, without feint or idless;
In this faith I'm fain to live and die.

ENVOI

You bore, O Virgin, high princess,
Jesus our King, who has nor end nor cesse.
The Mighty One, taking our feebleness,
Came down from heaven us to fortify,
Offered to death his beauteous youthfulness;
He is our Lord, him I confess.
In this faith I'm fain to live and die.

L. B. T. K.

THE INCONSTANT SHEPHERDESS

By Philippe Desportes

Rosette, we did briefly part,
And you got you a brand-new beau;
And I, knowing your fickle heart,
Did mine on another bestow.
Now, I'll never more be swayed,
Or by beauty easily bent;
We shall see, O fickle maid,
Of us two, which first will repent.

While so many a tear I shed,
My absence deploring, you,
By force of habit led,
Were caressing a lover new.
Oh, never was weathervane yet
By the wind so swift veering sent;
We'll see, shepherdess Rosette,
Of us two, which first will repent.

Where are all your promises vowed,
And the tears that at parting you shed?
Is it true that your plaint so loud
From an inconstant heart was said?
Gods! in falsehood you surpass!
Trust in you is detriment.
We shall see, my flighty lass,
Of us two, which first will repent.

The lover who's taken my place
Cannot love you as well as I;
And she that I love in grace,
Truth and beauty, passes you by.
Then guard your new friendship well;
My love will be permanent.

And so at last we can tell
Of us two which first will repent.

L. B. T. K.

THREE POEMS

By Marcelline Desbordes Valmore

THE ROSES OF SAADI

I was going to bring thee some roses this morn,
But so many I took in the girdle I'd worn,
That its knots, too tight-drawn, could not hold
them for thee.

The knots, they did burst, and the roses, caught
By the wind, in its rush to the sea were brought;
They have followed the tide, and ne'er will return
to me.

The wave by them was reddened and seemed afire;
To-night their odor clings yet to my attire—
Inhale then on me their fragrant memory!

L. B. T. K.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

My sainted love! My duty dear!
If God would grant to see thee here,
If thy lodging were poor and drear,
Too tender for fear to constrain,
And bearing my amorous chain,
Dost know who would happiness gain?
'Tis I! Forgiving all wrongs,
The wild-birds' myriad throngs
Would have nor my wings nor my songs!

To bring thee back happiness' tide,
Without hate or fear, or guide,
I'd go next thy heart to abide,

Or die of joy at thy^{*} door.
If to thee God would me restore,
To live or die for thee, what more?
But no! thy love to requite,
I would not quit the light
Till thy arms had clasped me tight!

'Tis a dream! But such appear
To ease the way so long and drear.
'Tis my heart that beats; 'tis here;
It mounts, like a flame, to thee!
Share this dream, oh my soul, with me!
'Tis a woman's prayer, dost see!
'Tis my sigh in this sad place,
'Tis heaven since our last embrace;
'Tis my belief in God's sweet grace!

L. B. T. K.

SEPARATION

Do not write! I am sad, and to die I am fain,
Fair summer, without thee, is love in gloom.
I've closed my arms that cannot thee attain;
And to knock at my heart is to knock at a tomb.
Do not write!

Do not write! Let us learn by ourselves to die;
But of God—of thyself, ask what love I thee bore.
From the depth of thy silence to hear thy love give
reply,
Is to hear of the heaven I may enter no more!
Do not write!

Do not write! I am afraid of thee; I fear to think;
Memory holdeth thy voice, that, calling oft I hear.
Do not show fresh water to him who may not drink.
A living portrait is, thy writing dear.
Do not write!

Do not write those three words that I dare not see,
It seems that thy voice spreads them over my heart,
That through thy smile they are shining on me,
It seems that a kiss prints them deep on my heart.
Do not write!

L. B. T. K

WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY

By Theophile Gautier

Now more than one dry leaf
Lies on the yellowed lawn;
The breeze is fresh at morn and eve,
Alas! the summer days are gone.

We see the flowers blooming yet,
The latest that the gardens hold;
The dahlia wears its rosette,
And its close cap the marigold.

The rain makes bubbles in the lakes,
The swallows on the roof-tree near
Each of his fellows council takes,
For here is winter, cold is here.

By hundreds they assemble there,
Foregathering, ready to depart.
Says one: "Oh, in Athens fair
'Tis fine on the old rampart!

Every year I go there and I build
In the frieze of the Parthenon;
My house in the cornice filled
The cannon's shot-hole yon."

Another says: "My journey leads
To the ceiling of a Smyrna café.
The Hadjis count their amber beads
On the threshold, warmed by a ray.

I come and go, accustomed grown
To the pallid vapors of chibooks,
And through the waves of smoke upblown
I graze the turbans and tarbooks."

Now this one: "I inhabit a triglyph
On a temple's front at Baalbeck,
There I hang with claws bent stiff
At my wide-mouthed infants' beck."

Now that: "Here's my address—
At Rhodes, the Cavaliers' high hall;
Each winter there my home I dress
On top of a black pillar tall."

The fifth: "I stay my flight,
For age now makes me heavy fly,
At Malta's terrace white
Between blue sea and bluer sky."

The sixth: "Oh, fair is the day
Up in Cairo's slim minaret!
I wall up the fretwork of clay,
And my winter quarters get."

"At the second cataract,"
Says the last, "my nest doth cling;
I've marked the spot exact,
In the p^{er}sonth of a granite king."

Then all: "How many miles shall we
To-morrow reel off in our flight—
Brown plains, white peaks, blue sea,
And shores with foam laced white!"

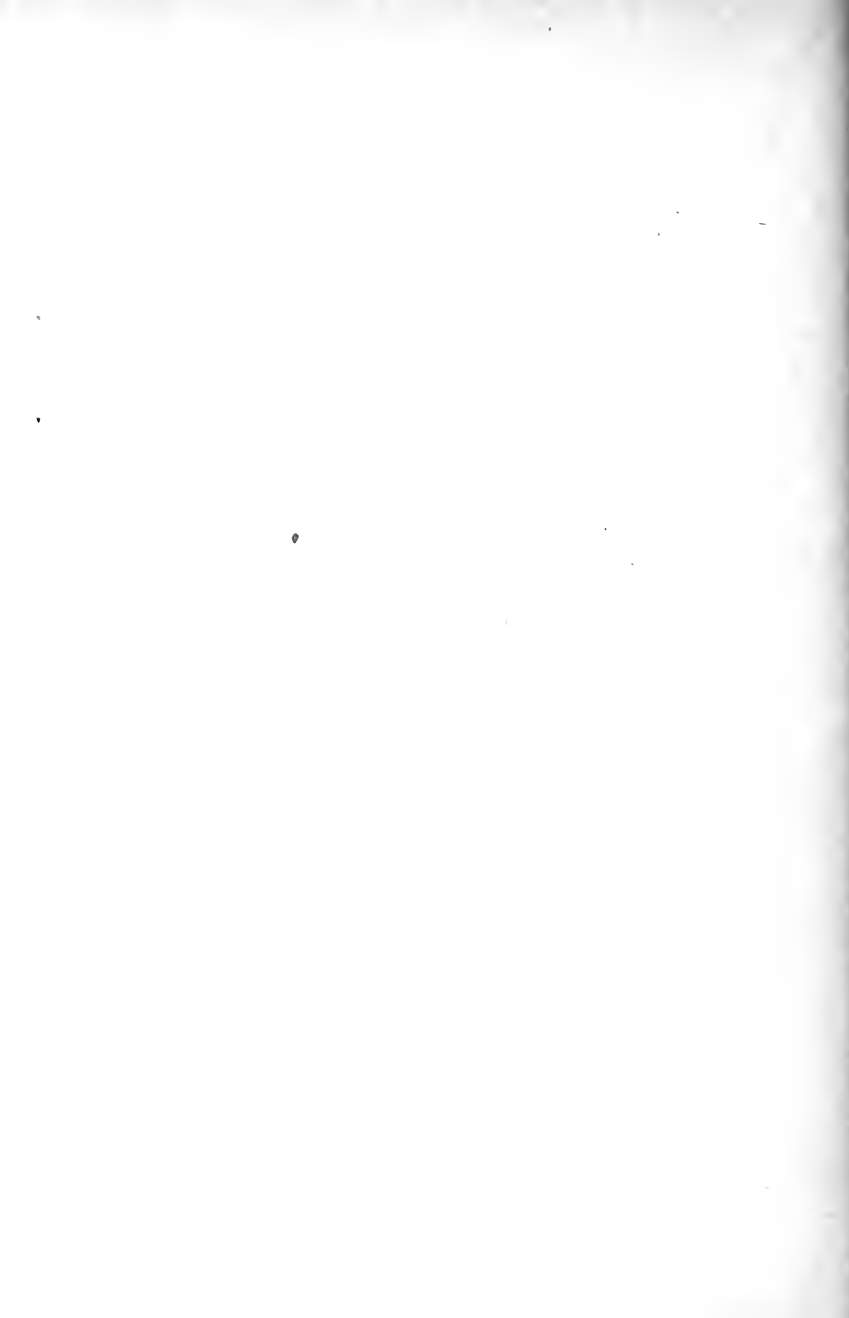
With cries and beating wings
On the cornice and its narrow crown,
The air with swallow chatter rings,
As they see the woods grow rusty brown.

I understand what they say,
For the poet too, is a bird;
But, captive, he his flight must stay,
By an invisible net deterred.

Oh, for wings! for wings! for wings!
That I might join the swallows' flight
To the land whereof the poet sings,
To springtime green and gold sunlight!

L. B. T. K.

FROM THE ALLEMANNIC POEMS OF
JOHANN PETER HEBEL



JACK AND MAGGIE

There's only one I'm after,
And she's the one, I vow!
If she was here, and standin' by,
She is a gal so neat and spry,
So neat and spry,
I'd be in glory now!

It's so,—I'm hankerin' for her,
And want to have her, too.
Her temper's always gay and bright,
Her face like posies red and white,
Both red and white,
And eyes like posies blue.

And when I see her comin',
My face gits red at once;
My heart feels chokin'-like and weak,
And drops o' sweat run down my cheek,
Yes, down my cheek,—
Confound me for a dunce!

She spoke so kind, last Tuesday,
When at the well we met:
"Jack, give a lift! What ails you? Say!
I see that somethin' 's wrong to-day.
What's wrong to-day?"
No, that I can't forget!

I know I'd ought to tell her,
And wish I'd told her then;
And if I was n't poor and low,
And sayin' it did n't choke me so,
(It chokes me so.)
I'd find a chance again.

Well, up and off I'm goin':

She's in the field below:
I'll try and let her know my mind;
And if her answer is n't kind,
 If 't is n't kind,
I'll join the ranks, and go!

I'm but a poor young fellow,
 Yes, poor enough, no doubt:
But ha'n't, thank God, done nothin' wrong,
And be a man as stout and strong,
 As stout and strong,
As any roundabout.

What's rustlin' in the bushes?
I see a movin' stalk:
The leaves is openin': there's a dress!
O Lord, forbid it! but I guess—
 I guess—I guess
Somebody's heard me talk!

“Ha! here I am! you've got me!
 So keep me, if you can!
I've guessed it ever since last Fall,
And Tuesday morn I saw it all,
 I saw it all!
Speak out, then, like a man!

“Though rich you a'n't in money,
 Nor rich in goods to sell,
An honest heart is more than gold,
And hands you've got for field and fold,
 For house and fold,
And—Jack—I love you well!”

“O Maggie, say it over!
 O Maggie, is it so?
I could n't longer bear the doubt:
'Twas hell,—but now you've drawed me out,
 You've drawed me out!
And will I? *Won't* I, though?”

THE MEADOW

("Die *Wiese*, the name of a mountain-stream, which, rising in the Feldberg, the highest peak of the Black Forest, flows past Hausen . . . on its way to the Rhine. An extract from the poem.")

Beautiful "Meadow," daughter o' Feldberg, I welcome and greet you.

Listen: I am going to sing a song, and all in y'r honor,

Makin' a music beside ye, follerin' wherever you wander.

Born unbeknown in the rocky, hidden heart o' the mountain,

Suckled o' clouds and fogs, and weaned by the waters o' heaven,

There you slep' like a babblin' baby, a-kep' in the bed-room,

Secret, and tenderly cared-for: and eye o' man never saw you,—

Never peeked through a key-hole and saw my little girl sleepin'

Sound in her chamber o' crystal, rocked in her cradle o' silver.

Neither an ear o' man ever listened to hear her a-breathin',

No, nor her voice all alone to herself a-laughin' or cryin'.

Only the close little spirits that know every passage and entrance,

In and out dodgin', they brought ye up and teached ye to toddle,

Gav' you a cheerful natur', and learnt you how to be useful:

Yet, and their words did n't go into one ear and out at the t'other.

Stand on your slippery feet as soon as maybe, and use 'em,

That you do, as you slyly creep from your 'chamber
o' crystal

Out o' doors, barefoot, and squint up to heaven,
mischievously smilin'.

Oh, but you're pretty, my darlin', y'r eyes have a
beautiful sparkle!

Is n't it nice, out o' doors? you did n't guess 't
was so pleasant?

Listen, the leaves is rustlin', and listen, the birdies
a-singin'!

"Yes," says you, "but I'm goin' furder, and can't
stay to hear 'm:

Pleasant, truly, 's my way, and more so the furder
I travel."

Only see how spry my little one is at her jumpin'!

"Ketch me!" she shouts, in her fun,—“if you want
me, foller and ketch me!"

Every minute she turns and jumps in another direc-
tion.

There, you'll fall from the bank! You see, she's
done it: I said so.

Did n't I say it? And now she wobbles furder and
furder,

Creepin' along on all-fours, then off on her legs
she's a-toddlin',—

Slips in the bushes,—“Hunt me!"—and there on
a sudden, she peeks out.

Wait, I'm a-comin'! Back o' the trees I hear her
a callin':

"Guess where I am!" she's whims of her own, a
plenty, and keeps 'em.

But, as you go, you're growin' han'somer, bigger,
and stronger.

Where the breath o' y'r breathin' falls, the meadows
is greener,

Fresher o' color, right and left, and the weeds and
the grasses

Sprout up as juicy as *can* be, and posies o' loveliest
colors

Blossom as brightly as wink, and bees come and
suck 'em.

Water-wagtails come tiltin',—and, look! there's the
geese o' the village,

All are a-comin' to see you, and all want to give
you a welcome;

Yes, and you're kind o' heart, and you prattle to
all of 'em kindly:

"Come, you well-behaved creeturs, eat and drink
what I bring you,—

I must be off and away: God bless you, well-be-
haved creetur's!"

THE CONTENTED FARMER

I guess I'll take my pouch, and fill

My pipe just once,—yes, that I will!

Turn out my plough, and home'ards go:

Buck things, enough's been done, I know.

Why, when the Emperor's council's done,

And he can hunt, and have his fun,

He stops, I guess, at any tree,

And fills his pipe as well as me.

But smokin' does him little good:

He can't have all things as he would.

His crown's a precious weight, at that:

It is n't like my old straw hat.

He gets a deal o' tin, no doubt,

But all the more he pays it out;

And everywheres they beg and cry

Heaps more than he can satisfy.

And when, to see that nothin's wrong,

He plagues hisself the whole day long,

And thinks, "I guess I've fixed it now,"
Nobody thanks him anyhow.

And so when in his bloody clo'es
The Gineral out o' battle goes,
He takes his pouch, too, I'll agree,
And fills his pipe as well as me.

But in the wild and dreadful fight,
His pipe don't taste ezackly right:
He's galloped here and galloped there,
And things a'n't pleasant anywhere.

And sich a cursin': "Thunder!" "Hell!"
And "Devil!" (worse nor I can tell):
His grannydiers in blood lay down,
And yonder smokes a burnin' town.

And when, a-travelin' to the fairs,
The merchant goes with all his wares,
He takes a pouch o' the best, I guess,
And fills and smokes his pipe, no less.

Poor devil, 't is n't good for you!
With all y'r gold, you've trouble too.
Twice two is four, if stocks'll rise:
I see the figgers in your eyes.

It's hurry, worry, tare and tret;
Ye ha'n't enough, the more ye get,—
And could n't use it, if ye had:
No wonder that y'r pipe tastes bad!

But good, thank God! and wholesome's mine:
The bottom-wheat is growin' fine,
And God, o' mornin's, sends the dew,
And sends his breath o' blessing too.

And home, there's Nancy bustlin' round:
The supper's ready. I'll be bound,

And youngsters waitin'. Lord! I vow,
I dunno which is smartest now.

My pipe tastes good; the reason's plain:
(I guess I'll fill it once again)
With cheerful heart, and jolly mood,
And goin' home, all things is good.

THE GUIDE-POST

D'ye know the road to th' bar'l o' flour?
At break o' day let down the bars,
And plough y'r wheat-field, hour by hour,
Till sundown,—yes, till shine o' stars.

You peg away, the livelong day,
Nor loaf about, nor gape around;
And that's the road to the thrashin'-floor,
And into the kitchen, I'll be bound!

D'ye know the road where dollars lay?
Follow the red cents here and there;
For if a man leaves them, I guess,
He won't find dollars anywhere.

D'ye know the road to Sunday's rest?
Jist don't o' week days be afeard;
In field and workshop do y'r best,
And Sunday comes itself, I've heerd.

On Saturdays it's not fur off,
And brings a basketful o' cheer,—
A roast, and lots o' garden-stuff,
And, like as not, a jug o' beer!

D'ye know the road to poverty?
Turn in at any tavern-sign:
Turn in,—it's temptin' as can be:
There's bran'-new cards and liquor fine.

In the last tavern there's a sack,
And, when the cash y'r pocket quits,
Just hang the wallet on y'r back,—
You vagabond! see how it fits!

D'ye know what road to honor leads,
And good old age?—a lovely sight!
By ways o' temperance, honest deeds,
And tryin' to do y'r dooty right.

And when the road forks, any side,
And you're in doubt which one it is,
Stand still, and let y'r conscience guide:
Thank God, it can't lead much amiss!

And now, the road to church-yard gate
You need n't ask! Go anywhere!
For, whether roundabout or straight,
All roads, at last, 'll bring you there.

Go, fearin' God, but lovin' more!—
I've tried to be an honest guide,—
You'll find the grave has got a door,
And somethin' for you t'other side.

THE GHOST'S VISIT ON THE FELDBERG

Hark ye, fellows o' Todtnau, if ever I told you the
Scythe-Ghost*
Was a spirit of Evil, I've now got a different story.
Out of the town am I,—yes, that I'll honestly own
to,—
Related to merchants, at seven tables free to take
pot-luck.

**Dengle-Geist* literally Whetting-Spirit. The exact meaning of *Tengeln* is to sharpen a scythe by hammering the edge of the blade, which was practiced before whetstones came in use.

But I'm a Sunday's child; and wherever the ghosts
at the crossroads

Stand in the air, in vaults, and cellars, and out-o'-
way places,—

Guardin' hidden money with eyes like fiery sauce-
pans,

Washin' with bitter tears the spot where somebody's
murdered,

Shovellin' the dirt, and scratchin' it over with nails
all so bloody,—

Clear as day I can see, when it lightens. Ugh! how
they whimper!

Also, whenever with beautiful blue eyes the heaven-
ly angels,

Deep in the night, in silent, sleepin' villages wander,
Peekin' in at the windows, and talkin' together so

pleasant,

Smilin' one at the t'other, and settin' outside o' the
house-doors,

So that the pious folks shall take no harm while
they're sleepin':

Then ag'in, when in couples or threes they walk
in the graveyard,

Talkin' in this like: "There a faithful mother is
layin';

And here's a man that was poor, but took no ad-
vantage o' no one:

Take your rest, for you're tired,—we'll waken ye
up when the time comes!"

Clearly I see by the light o' the stars, and I hear
them a-talkin'.

Many I know by their names, and speak to, when-
ever I meet 'em,

Give 'em the time o' day, and ask 'em, and answer
their questions.

"How do ye do?" "How's y'r watch?" "Praise
God, it's tolerable, thank you!"

Believe it, or not! Well, once on a time my cousin,
he sent me

Over to Todtnau, on business with all sorts o'
 troublesome people,
 Where you've coffee to drink, and biscuit they give
 you to soak in 't.
 "Don't you stop on the road, nor gabble whatever
 comes foremost,"
 Hooted my cousin at startin', "nor don't you let
 go o' your snuffbox,
 Leavin' it round in the tavern, as gentlemen do, for
 the next time."
 Up and away I went, and all that my cousin he'd
 ordered
 Fairly and squarely I fixed. At the sign o' the
 Eagle at Todtnau
 Set for a while; then, sure o' my way, tramped off
 ag'in home'ards,
 Nigh by the village, I reckoned,—but found myself
 climbin' the Feldberg,
 Lured by the birdies, and down by the brooks the
 beautiful posies:
 That's a weakness o' mine,—I run like a fool after
 such things.
 Now it was dusk and the birdies hushed up, sittin'
 still on the branches.
 Hither and yonder a starlie stuck its head through
 the darkness,
 Peekin' out, as uncertain whether the sun was in
 bed yet,—
 Whether it mightn't come, and called to the other
 ones: "Come now!"
 Then I knowed I was lost, and laid myself down,
 —I was weary:
 There, you know, there's a hut, and I found an
 armful o' straw in 't.
 "Here's a go!" I thinks to myself, "and I wish I
 was safely
 Cuddled in bed to home;—or 't was midnight, and
 some little spirit
 Somewhere popped out, as o' nights when it's twelve

they're accustomed,
 Passin' the time with me, friendly, till winds that
 blow early o' mornin's
 Blow out the heavenly lights, and I see the way
 back to the village."
 Now, as thinkin' in this like, I felt all over my
 watch-face,—
 Dark as pitch all around,—and felt with my finger
 the hour-hand,
 Found it was nigh onto 'leven, and hauled my pipe
 from my pocket,
 Thinkin': "Maybe a bit of a smoke 'll keep me from
 snoozin':"
 Thunder! all of a sudden beside me was two of
 'em talkin',
 Like as they'd business together! You'd better
 believe that I listened.
 "Say, a'n't I late a-comin'? Because there was over
 in Mambach,
 Dyin', a girl with pains in the bones and terrible
 fever:
 Now, but she's easy! I held to her mouth the drink
 o' departure,
 So that the sufferin' ceased, and softly lowered the
 eyelids,
 Sayin': 'Sleep, and in peace,—I'll waken thee up
 when the time comes!'
 Do me the favor, brother: fetch in the basin o' sil-
 ver
 Water ever so little; my scythe as you see must be
 whetted."
 "Whetted?" says I to myself, "and a spirit?" and
 peeked from the window.
 Lo and behold, there sat a youngster with wings
 that was golden;
 White was his mantle, white, and his girdle the
 color o' roses,
 Fair and lovely to see, and beside him two lights all
 a burnin'.

"All the good spirits," says I, "Mr. Angel, God
 have you in keepin'!"
 "Praise their Master, the Lord," said the angel;
 "God thank you, as I do!"
 "Take no offence, Mr. Ghost, and by y'r good leave
 and permission,
 Tell me, what have you got for to mow? "Why,
 the scythe!" was his answer.
 "Yes," says I, "for I see it; and that is my question
 exactly,
 What you're goin' to do with the scythe?" "Why,"
 to mow!" was his answer.
 Then I ventur'd to say: "And that is my question
 exactly,
 What you're goin' to mow, supposin' you're willin'
 to tell me."
 "Grass! And what is your business so late up here
 in the night-time?"
 "Nothin' special," I answered; "I'm burnin' a little
 tobacco.
 Lost my way, or most likely I'd be at the Eagle, in
 Todtnau.
 But to come to the subject, supposin' it isn't a secret,
 Tell me, what do you make o' the grass?" And he
 answered me: "Fodder!"
 "Don't understand it," says I; "for the Lord has
 no cows up in heaven."
 "Not precisely a cow," he remarked, "but heifers and
 asses.
 Seest, up yonder, the star?" and he pointed one
 out with his finger.
 "There's the ass o' the Christmas—Child, and
 Fridolin's heifers*

*According to an old legend St. Fridolin har-
 nessed two young heifers to a mighty fir-tree, and
 hauled it into the Rhine, near Säckingen, there-
 by damming the river and forcing it to take a new
 course on the other side of the town.

Breathin' the starry air, and waitin' for grass that
 I bring 'em:
 Grass does n't grow there,—nothin' grows but the
 heavenly raisins,
 Milk and honey a-runnin' in rivers, plenty as wa-
 ter:
 But they're particular cattle,—grass they must have
 every mornin',
 Mouthful o' hay, and drink from earthly fountains
 they're used to.
 So for them I'm a-whettin' my scythe, and soon
 must me mowin':
 Would n't it be worth while, if politely you'd offer
 to help me?"
 So the angel he talked, and this way I answered the
 angel:
 "Hark ye, this it is, just: and I'll go with the great-
 est o' pleasure.
 Folks from the town know nothin' about it: we
 write and we cipher,
 Reckon up money,—that we can do!—and measure
 and weigh out,
 Unload, and on-load, and eat and drink without
 any trouble,
 All that we want for the belly, in kitchen, pantry,
 and cellar,
 Comes in lots through every gate, in baskets and
 boxes,
 Runs in every street, and cries at every corner:
 'Buy my cherries!' and 'Buy my butter!' and 'Look
 at my salad!'
 'Buy my onions!' and 'Here's your carrots!' and
 'Spinage and parsley!'
 'Lucifer matches! Lucifer matches!' 'Cabbage and
 turnips!'
 'Here's your umbrellas!' 'Caraway-seed and juniper-
 berries!'
 Cheap for cash, and all to be traded for sugar and
 coffee!"

Say, Mr. Angel, didst ever drink coffee? and how do
you like it?"

"Stop with y'r nonsense!" then he said, but he
could n't help laughin';

"No, we drink but the heavenly air, and eat nothin'
but raisins,

Four on a day o' the week, and afterwards five on
a Sunday.

Come if you want to go with me, now, for I'm off
to my mowin',

Back o' Todtnau, there on the grassy holt by the
highway."

"Yes, Mr. Angel, that will I truly, seein' you're
willin':

Seems to me that it's cooler: give me y'r scythe for
to carry:

Here's a pipe and a pouch,—you're welcome to
smoke, if you want to."

While I was talkin', "Poohoo!" cried the angel. A
fiery man stood,

Quicker than lightnin', beside me. "Light us the
way to the village."

Said he. And truly before us marched, a-burnin',
the Poohoo,

Over stock and rock, through the bushes, a travellin'
torchlight.

"Handy, is n't it?" laughin', the angel said.—"What
are ye doin'?

Why do you nick at y'r flint? You can light y'r
pipe at the Poohoo.

Use him whenever you like; but it seems to me
you're a-frightened,—

You, and a Sunday's child, as you are; do you think
he will bite you?"

"No, he ha'n't bit me; but this you'll allow me to
say, Mr. Angel,—

Half-and-half I mistrust him: besides, my tobacco's
a-burnin',

That's a weakness o' mine,—I'm afeard o' them
 fiery creeturs:
 Give me seventy angels, instead o' this big burnin'
 devil!"

"Really, it's dreadfule," the angel says he, "that
 men is so silly,
 Fearful o' ghosts and spectres, and skeery without
 any reason.

Two of 'em only is dangerous, two of 'em hurtful to
 mankind:

One of 'em's known by the name o' Delusion, and
 Worry the t'other,
 Him, Delusion, 's a dweller in wine: from cans and
 decanters.

Up to the head he rises, and turns your sense to con-
 fusion.

This is the ghost that leads you astray in forest and
 highway:

Undermost, uppermost, hither and yon the ground
 is a-rollin',
 Bridges bendin', and mountains movin', and every-
 thing double.

Hark ye, keep out of his way!" "Aha!" I says to
 the angel,

"There you prick me, but not to the blood: I see
 what you're after,
 Sober am I, as a judge. To be sure, I emptied my
 tankard

Once at the Eagle,—*once*,—and the landlord 'll
 tell you the same thing,
 S'posin' you doubt me. And now pray, tell me
 who is the t'other?"

"Who is the 'tother? Don't know without askin'?"
 answered the angel.

"He's a terrible ghost: the Lord forbid you should
 meet him!

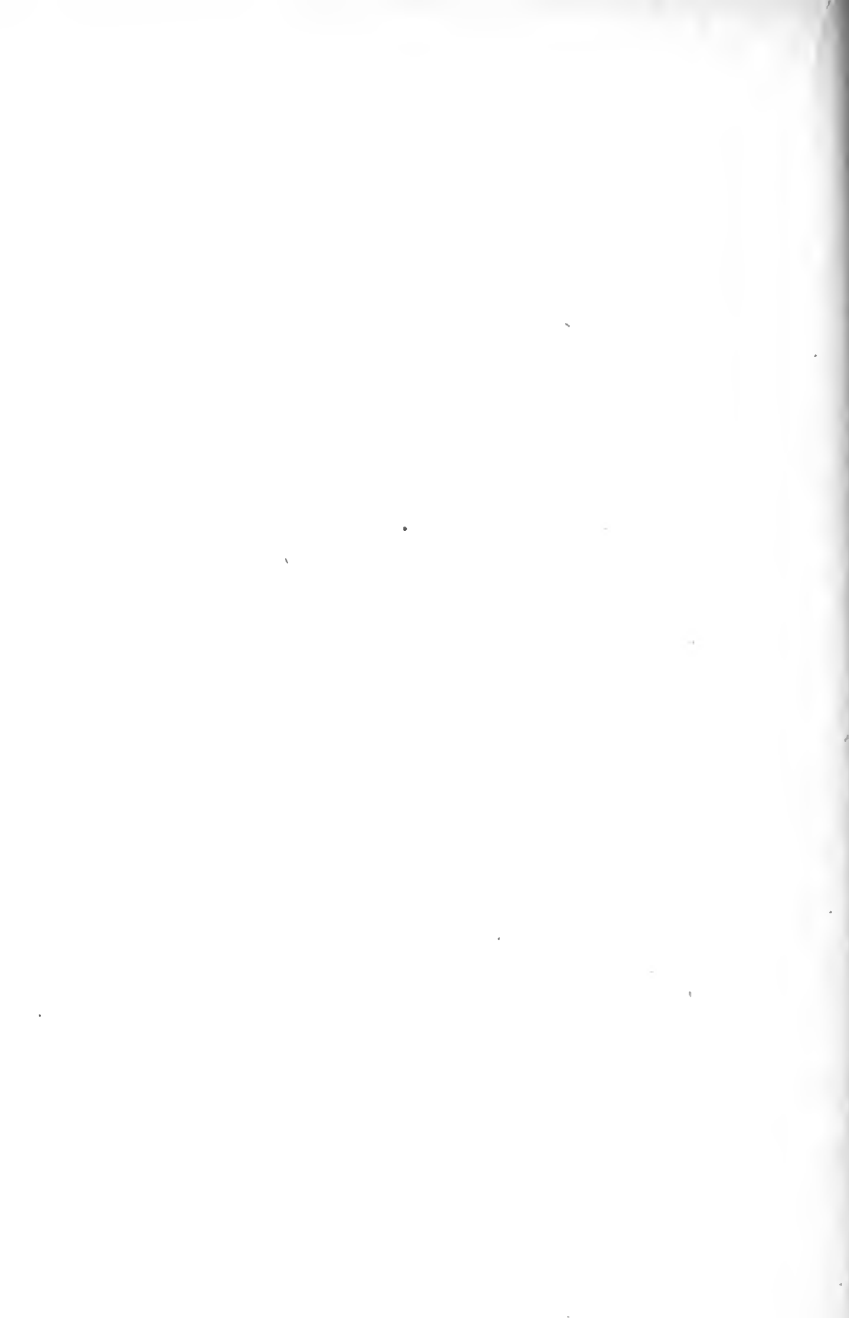
When you waken early, at four or five in the
 mornin',

There he stands a-waitin' with burnin' eyes at y'r
 bed-side,
 Gives you the time o' day with blazin' switches and
 pinchers:
 Even prayin' don't help, nor help all your *Ave*
Marias!
 When you begin 'em, he takes your jaws and claps
 'em together;
 Look to heaven, he comes and blinds y'r eyes with
 his ashes;
 Be you hungry, and eat, he pizons y'r soup with his
 wormwood;
 Take you a drink o' nights, he squeezes gall in the
 tankard;
 Run like a stag, he follows as close on y'r trail as a
 blood-hound;
 Creep like a shadow, he whispers: 'Good! we had
 best take it easy';
 Kneels at y'r side at the church, and sets at y'r side
 in the tavern.
 Go wherever you will, there's ghosts a-hoverin'
 round you,
 Shut your eyes in y'r bed, they mutter: 'There's
 no need o' hurry;
 By-and-by you can sleep, but listen! we've somethin'
 to tell you:
 Have you forgot how you stoled? and how you
 cheated the orphans?
 Secretly sinned'?—and this, and the t'other; and
 when they have finished,
 Say it over again, and you get little good o' your
 slumber."
 So the angel he talked, and like iron under the
 hammer,
 Sparkled and spirted the Poohoo. "Surely," I says
 to the angel,
 "Born on a Sunday was I, and friendly with many
 a preacher,

Yet the Father protect me from these!" Says he to
 me, smilin':
 "Keep y'r conscience pure; it is better than crossin'
 and blessin'.
 Here we must part, for y'r way turns off and down
 to the village.
 Take the Poohoo along, but mind! put him out,
 in the meadow,
 Lest he should run in the village, settin' fire to the
 stables.
 God be with you, and keep you!" And then says
 I: "Mr. Angel,
 God, the Father, protect you! Be sure, when you
 come to the city,
 Christmas evenin', call, and I'll hold it an honor to
 see you:
 Raisins I'll have at your service, and hippocras, if
 you like it.
 Chilly's the air, o' evenin's, especially down by the
 river."
 Day was breakin' by this, and right there was Todt-
 nau before me!
 Past, and onward to Basle I wandered i' the shade
 and the coolness.
 When into Mambach I come, they bore a dead girl
 to the grave-yard,
 After the Holy Cross, and the faded banner o'
 Heaven,
 With the funeral garlands upon her, with sobin'
 and weepin'.
 Ah, but she'd heard what he said! he'll waken her up
 when the time comes,
 Afterwards, Tuesday it was, I got safely back to
 my cousin;
 But it turned out as he said,—I'd somewhere for-
 gotten my snuffbox!



POEMS FROM
THE MINNESINGERS



FOUR POEMS

By Walther von der Vogelweide

THE BLISS OF MAY

(*"Maienwonne"*)

Would you see how May to May-men
Brightest marvels new;
Priests, behold!—behold it laymen,
What his might can do!
He is uncontrolled:
I know not if magic it is;
When his joys the world revisit,
Then is no one old.

Happy May, thy spell divideth
All, but not in hate!
Every tree in leafage hideth,
Nor the moorlands wait.
Colors fall in showers:
"I am long and thou art short,"
Thus in fields they strive and sport,
Clover, grass and flowers.

Rosy month, why thus degrade thee,
Let thy laughter be!
Shame of scorn shall not evade thee,
After wounding me.
Dost thou kindly so?
Ah, lost hours that we are proving,
When from lips that seem so loving
Such unlove should flow!

A MINNE-SONG

("Remarkable for being written in the dactylic measure.")

Happy the moment when first I beheld her,

Conquering body and soul with her beauty ;
Since when my service the more hath compelled her
Still with her kindness to fetter my duty,
So that from her I can nevermore part.
This from her goodness and grace, and thereafter
Her roseate mouth, with the charm of its laughter.

Spirit and senses and thought I have given
Unto the best and the purest and dearest.
Now must the bliss be complete, as in heaven,
Since I have dared to desire to be nearest.
If the world's blisses were dear to my heart,
'Twas from her goodness and grace, and thereafter
Her roseate mouth, with the charm of its laughter.

FROM THE GLORIOUS DAME

God was so careful of her cheeks ;
He spread such precious colors there,
That pure and perfect, either speaks,
Here rosy-red, there lily-fair,
Not meaning sin, will I declare

That I more fain on her would gaze
Than on the sky or Starry Bear.
Ah, foolish me, what is't I praise?
If I, too fond, exalt her so,
How soon the lips' delight becomes the bosom's woe.

SPRING AND WOMEN

(The Opening Stanzas)

When the blossoms from the grass are springing,
As they laughed to meet the sparkling sun,
Early on some lovely morn of May,
And all the small birds on the boughs are singing
Best of music, finished and again begun,
What other equal rapture can we pray?

It is already half of heaven.
But should we guess what other might be given,
So I declare, that, which in my sight
Still better seems, and still would seem, had I the
same delight.

When a noble dame of purest beauty
Well attired, with even garnished tresses,
Unto all, in social habit, goes,
Finely gracious, yet subdued to duty,
Whose impartial glance her state expresses,
As on the stars the sun his radiance throws!

Then let May his bliss renew us:
What is there so blissful to us
As her lips of love to see?
We gaze upon the noble dame, and let the blossoms
be.

LINES

By Conrad of Würzburg

Year-long will the linden
The wind in
Go waving,
Whole a tempest sorest
The forest
Is braving;
To wail the moorland through,
One's sorrow
Is doubled;
Sweetly love's pretenses
My senses
Have troubled.

THE FALCON

By Diethmar von Aist

There stood alone a lady
And waited on the moorland,

And waited for her lover,
And saw the falcon flying.
"Ah, happy falcon that thou art!
Thou fliest where thou pleasest;
Thou choosest from the forest
The tree which best thou lovest,
And thus have I done also:
I chose a man to be mine own,
In mine eyes the one elected,
And envied am by fairest dames.
Alas, why will they not leave my love?
For none of theirs I ever hankered."
Fair art thou, joy of summer
The song of birds is wholesome
As are its leaves unto the linden.

QUATRAIN

By Heinrich von Morungen

'Tis the way of the nightingale,
That when her song is finished she sings no more;
But the swallow as mate I hail,
Who neither for love nor woe, ceases her strain to
pour.

FROM THE "TRISTAN" OF GOTTFRIED OF STRASSBURG

(Twelfth Century)

[The scene of the meeting in the spring-time of
Prince Reivalin, the father of Tristan, and
Blanche fleur, his mother, the sister of Mark, King
of Cornwall.]

The soft and tender summer air
Disturbed the summer idlesse there,
And woke sweet industry, and fair.

The little wood-birds singing clear,
It should be such a joy to hear,
Blossoms, grass, and leaves on trees,
And what the eye may gently please,
And joy to noble hearts may yield,
Of that was the summer-meadows filled.
All one wished was gathered then
Of what the May-time brings to men:
Shade, when the sun would sting;
Lindens beside the spring;
And soft, sweet winds that sent
Where Mark's retainers went,
A fresh delight to meet them:
And the bright buds laughed to greet them,
In the dewy grass that day;
And the green turf, the friend of May,
Wove from its own loveliness
So delightful a summer dress
That in the guests' glad eyes
'Twas mirrored in fairer wise.
The bloom of trees looked down on men
So openly, sweetly smiling then,
That heart and mind and senses lent
The dancing blood their light content,
And forever made reply
In the light of the merry eye.
All notes the birds repeat,—
So beautiful, so sweet,—
That unto heart and ear
So goodly 'tis to hear,
Rang there from hill and dale.
And the blissful nightingale—
The dear, sweet birdling she
That ever sweet shall be,
From out the blossoms trolled
So clear and ever-bold,
That many a noble heart that heard,
Took joy and hope from the happy bird.



GERMAN POEMS OF THREE SUCCESSIVE CENTURIES



TROOPER'S SONG

(Of the Fifteenth Century)

Up and away, good comrades,
Ye gallant brothers mine,
Ride fast! it is our purpose
To dash beyond the Rhine.
There comes a fine fresh summer
And promises good store:
The longer 'tis, the better;
Up, whet your tusks, old boar!
The pasture waits once more.

The summer it shall bring us
Good luck and courage pure:
Success for us is easy,
And gay return is sure.
Many rode out before us
And treasure found in store;
We've starved too long already;
Up, whet your tusks, old boar!
The pasture waits once more.

Then be not slow or timid,
Ye troopers fresh and good!
We'll break through hedge and thicket,
And crash across the wood!
Ours shall be name and honor
As good as any wore:
What others do, we'll do it:
Up, whet your tusks, old boar!
The pasture waits once more.

HUNTER'S SONG

(By Some Unknown Peasant-author; Sixteenth Century)

A hunter hunted merrily,
Under the leafy linden-tree;

His free, strong heart upbore him;
Many a beast he hunted down,
With his greyhounds fast before him.

He sped through vale, o'er mountain cold,
The thicket and the bushy wold,
And blew his horn so clearly;
But under the bows his sweetheart sat,
And looked on him so dearly.

Upon the ground his cloak he threw,
Sat there, and her beside him drew,
And said, her white hand pressing:
"Well may'st thou fare, consoler mine,
My one desire and blessing!

"If hoar-frost came, or snow be seen,
To kill for us the clover green
And the blossoms on the heather,
Nor frost nor snow can part the twain
Who love, and sit together!"

THE NETTLE-WREATH

(Folks-song of the Sixteenth Century.)

"O peasant-lad, let the roses be!
Not for thee they blow!
Thou wearest still the nettle-weed
Thy wreath of woe."

The nettle-weed is bitter and sour,
And burneth me:
But that I lose my fairest love
Is my misery.

This I lament, and thence my heart
Is sad and sore:

God keep thee now, lost, lovely girl!
I shall never see thee more.

THE POET AND THE SINGER

*A Poem by Hans Sachs, the "Mastersinger," in his
Own "Silver Measure," Dated 1517.*

I

I like a fountain flowing
Beside a cavern, showing
No token, in its going,
Of whence its waters came.
Itself must fill forever,
And by its own endeavor,
The urn of its light river:
The cave is not the same.
When from the sun's increasing heat,
In days of summertime,
The cave is neither fresh nor sweet,
But smells of mould and slime,
And dries, and groweth rank and green;
Then doth the fount itself keep clean
From out its hidden sources,—
Conquers the sun's hot forces
In all its crystal courses,
And grows not foul nor dull.

II

That fountain I compare to
The poet, who does swear to
The poetry he's heir to;
And honors art the more.
But he—I say with sorrow—
Is a wretched singer thorough,
Who all his songs must borrow

From what was sung before.
For when new art is born again,
Better than ancient tune,
The singer's song is all in vain:
He shall be silenced soon:
No effort of his own avails
To follow on those fresher trails,
'Gainst him whose fancies bear us,—
Whose heart and art declare us,
That lightly he can spare us
A new song every hour.

III

Our art, of truth the mirror,
Should daily be the clearer
Of coarseness and of error,
That erewhile clouded it.
And song—there's nothing surer!—
Should day by day be purer,
And nobler and securer,
Made by the poet's wit.
Therefore a crown of red-gold sheen
The poet should receive;
The singer but a garland green.
That ye this truth believe:
Lieth the singer cold and dead,
His art with him hath perished;
But when the poet dieth
His wot that end denieth,
And liveth still, and flieth
To many a distant land.

A HYMN BY PAUL FLEMING

(Seventeenth Century)

My soul, no dark depression borrow
From sorrow!

Be still!
As God disposeth now,
Be cheerful thou,
My will!

To-day, why wilt thou trouble borrow,
For to-morrow?
One alone
Careth for all that be:
He'll give to thee
Thine own!

Stand, then, whatever's undertaken,
Unshaken!
Lift up thy breast!
What so thy God ordains,
Is and remains
The best!

THE SONNET PAUL FLEMING WROTE ON HIS DEATHBED

In art, wealth, standing, was I strong and free;
Of honored parents, fortune's chosen son,
Free, and mine own, and mine own substance won;
I woke far echoes,—no one sang like me;
Praised for my travels, toiling cheerfully,
Young, watchful, eager,—named for what I've done,
Till the last sands of earthly time be run.
This, German Muses, was your legacy!
God, Father, Dearest, Friends, is my worth so?
I say good night, and now must disappear:
The black grave waits, all else is finished here:
What Death may do, that do he to his foe!
To yield my breath shall bring me little strife:
There's naught of life in me that less lives than my
life!

THE HASTE OF LOVE

By Martin Opitz (Seventeenth Century)

Ah, sweetheart, let us hurry!
We still have time.
Delaying thus we bury
Our mutual prime.

Beauty's bright gift shall perish
As leaves grow sere:
All that we have and cherish
Shall disappear.

The cheek of roses fadeth,
Gray grows the head;
And fire the eyes evadeth
And passion's dead.

The mouth, love's honeyed winner,
Is formless, cold;
The hand, like snow, gets thinner,
And thou art old!

So let us taste the pleasure
That youth endears,
Ere we are called, to measure
The flying years!

Give, as thou lov'st and livest,
Thy love to me,
Even though, in what thou givest,
My loss should be!

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